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# LIFE

Personalities  
Sport

November 9 1928



Ten Years After



## *This handsomest of pen merchandise saves money*

The phenomenal success of the W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company has been in good measure due to this remarkable desk equipment. The Lifetime® desk fountain-pen set! It is a Sheaffer origination. The universal folding ratchet-lock sockets, free of all spring grips, allow pens to release instantly without ink splutter. Always in place. Speedily save their cost by eliminating lost motion and trouble. With pens guaranteed for a lifetime, this most beautiful desk equipment now becomes a desk necessity.

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Skrip  
successor to ink  
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## "The Huddle"

Just say two words to the salesman when you buy a motor car—"Timken-Equipped".

That is the signal for sure gain. Around right or left end or through the center of traffic, you are assured of frictionless, free-running motor car service.

Moreover, as time goes on, as speed, thrust, torque and shock search for unprotected parts,

there stand Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken electric steel on guard against wear.

You may or may not understand the technical reasons but everyone appreciates long life and attention-free service.

—And that's what the "Timken-Equipped" signal means in motor cars.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

# TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 92, No. 2401, Nov. 9, 1928. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1928 Life Pub. Co., in U. S., England and British Possessions.



**To the owners of Kolster Radio sets and to the friends of owners of Kolster Radio sets, the makers of Kolster owe a great debt. ¶ For the far-reaching success of Kolster Radio is traceable**

**K O L S T**

**COMMANDER BYRD**

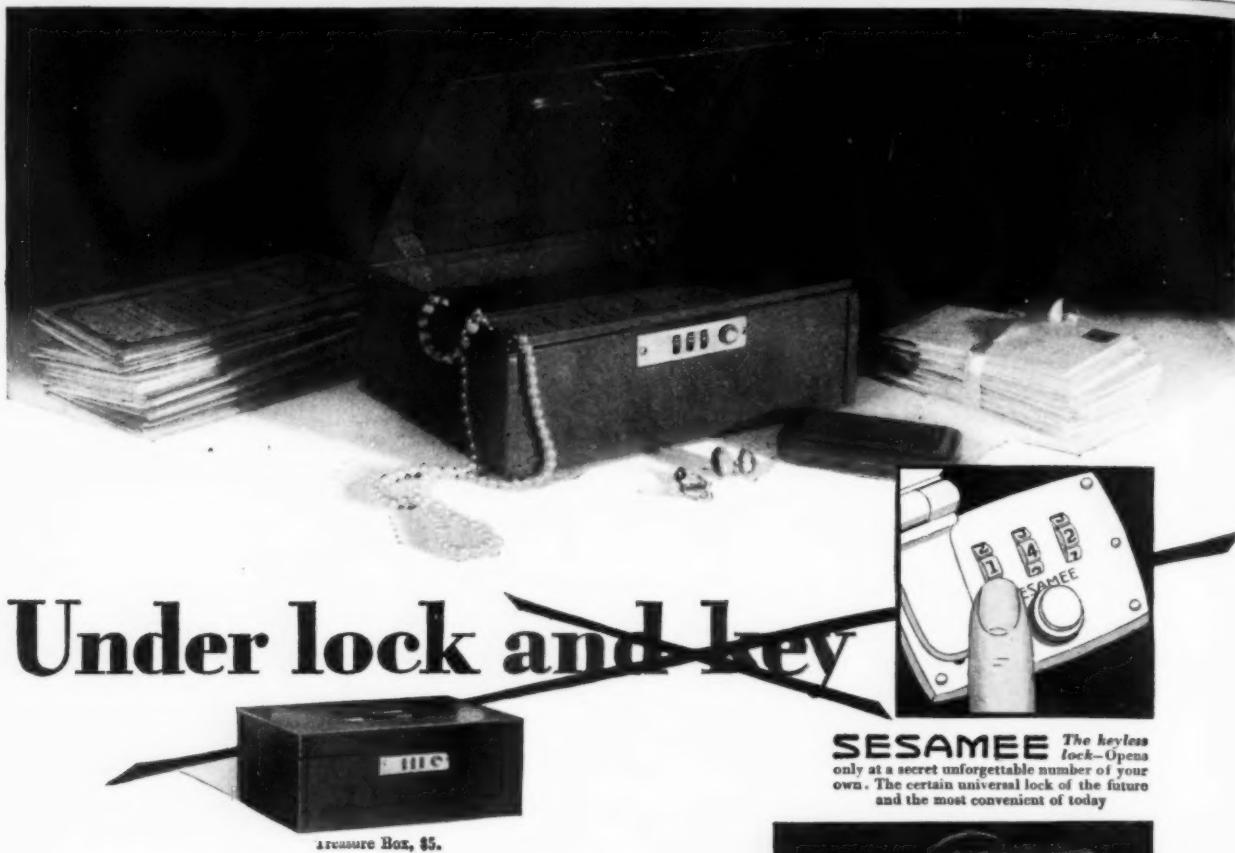
selected Kolster Radio and Kolster Radio Compasses exclusively for his South Pole expedition. *What finer tribute could be given to Kolster dependability.*

in many ways to the glowing praise of these thousands everywhere. One emphatic sentence may be heard repeatedly everywhere you go, straight, frank and convincing: "***Kolster is a fine set.***"

**E R**



**RADIO**



## Under lock and key



treasure Box, \$5.

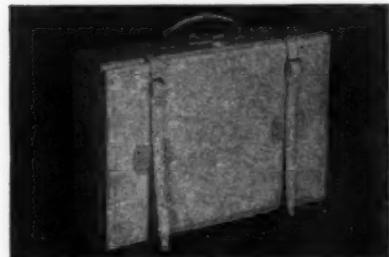
Here is a Treasure Box in which you may keep your personal souvenirs and precious things away from eyes that should not see. You can never mislay or lose the key, for *the only key is in your own mind.*

You choose some unforgettable number (based on your birthday or other event) set the Sesamee lock yourself to open at that number and from then on, you alone in the whole world may open the Treasure Box.

All the articles on the page are equipped with Sesamee—the universal lock of the future. Some are A & F specialties which can only be purchased here. If you should prefer to have these articles with keyed locks, we can supply them.

### SESAMEE

*The keyless lock—Opens only at a secret unforgettable number of your own. The certain universal lock of the future and the most convenient of today*



Travelers Efficiency Case  
Saddle Pigskin; Compartments for Papers;  
Room for overnight toilet articles, \$45.  
In Cowhide, \$32.50



Stowaway Bag  
Saddle Pigskin with 3 Flasks concealed in  
bottom, \$135.  
In Cowhide, \$100.



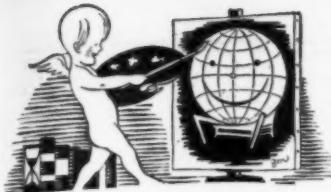
Gladstone Case  
Russet Saddle Pigskin hand sewn—Linen and  
Morocco Lining.  
22 in., \$86. 24 in., \$85. 26 in., \$90. 28 in., \$95.



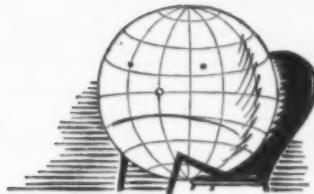
For  
Golf Bags  
3 dial, \$3.75



For any  
padlock use  
3 dial, \$3.75  
4 dial, \$4.50



# LIFE



## Our Candidate Makes Good His Only Promise

FOLLOWING is a copy of the telegram that was sent to Will Rogers at 1:28 A. M., after Election Day:

*Dear Will: All you know is what you read in the papers, so you probably haven't heard that you were elected President by the Great Silent Vote of this nation. No one except us knew that this vote existed—even the voters themselves were ignorant of it; no one except us knew that it went unanimously for you. The newspapers may say that the other candidates piled up millions of votes, but don't let that worry you. You're in. Please advise us at once what we're to do about this. Shall we expose the sharp practices at the polls, whereby you were overwhelmed in the paper vote? Shall we demand a recount? Or shall we just forget about the whole thing? Regards to Mrs. Rogers.*

LIFE.

### WILL ROGERS' REPLY:

DEAR LIFE:

Yes it was the silent vote that elected me, and the Loud vote that kept our other opponent out.

But I promised faithfully when this campaign got going that if elected I would resign, And that's the only campaign promise I'm going to stick to.

I do want to thank the Silent vote for not voting, and getting mixed up in any way with this Dog fight that we have just had.

They talk about a man not being a good Citizen if he don't vote.

If everybody didn't vote then none of them could get elected and that would be the end of politics, and we would just go out and hire some good man to run the country the same as we should now.

It has been brought very forcefully to my notice that they would not let my name be placed on the ticket, and people could not make a mark after it.

Of course I got a few votes from the ones who could write the name in, But my big vote was supposed to come from those who couldnt write.

I have found them to be the best Citizens in America, Give me the friendship and loyalty of the man that can't read or write, the minute a Guy can read or write he starts thinking he is "Slick" and you have to watch him.

I am not saying yet what I will do in

1932, But it looks like we ought to combine the Anti-Bunks with the Democrats.

I may stay with this publication, LIFE, or I may jump to the *Congressional Record*.

They have made me some very attractive offers to handle my next Campaign, They claim they can give me plenty of space, as the election is over, the Members won't have to start electioneering in the Senate and House for a couple of years. They have even offered to give me Heflin's space in the *Record*, as there seems to be a lot of the readers complaining that Tom is getting to repeat himself.

He's evidently neglected to provide himself with new gags, and you can't laugh at that one about the Pope in the White House for ever.

Both the other Parties are paying off with nothing but Thanks, So I am not going to send any more thanks to my supporters, For there is enough people in this Country now trying to live on Thanks, In fact that's about all the Farmers will have to live on for the next four years.

We went into this campaign to drive the Bunk out of politics, But our experiment while noble in motive was a failure.

I was the only Candidate that ever promised to resign, and I guess I'm the only Candidate that ever made good that or any other promise.

Well anyway, here is Goodbye and Good Luck from the only cheerful Loser in the race,

Yours,  
WILL.



(NOTE TO ANTI-BUNK MEMBERS:—We should like to hear from all those who actually voted for Will Rogers on Tuesday. We're going to make a serious effort to guarantee that the Spirit of the Anti-Bunk Party shall not perish from this earth, and we want to have the continued support of those who were in sympathy with the Rogers campaign.)



"Yeah, an' that's tha way 'e treats 'is poor old mother—not even a wave o' tha hand, mind ye."

### Money Isn't Everything

J. V. DOBBLE, multi-millionaire and master of half a million men, sat under the scanty shade of an African palm tree in a Zulu kraal. Behind him his secretary, under-secretary, valet, two stenographers and chauffeurs grouped themselves in order of precedence. An interpreter stood at his elbow. Two big cars waited at the gate and his steam yacht waited at the coast, twenty miles away.

J. V. was on a world tour. Kings and Emperors had welcomed him, statesmen had acclaimed him, newspapers had interviewed him, the proletariat had gaped at him. He was fifty and famous. He had taken all that life could offer and doubled

it. He had financed a kingdom and run a revolution. He had founded a city and shaken a capital. He had ruined a town and restored a dynasty. He had dyspepsia.

The Zulu Chief sat beside him, while a dozen dusky maidens, naked to the waist, brought home-brewed native beer in large pots and laid them at the feet of the illustrious stranger.

"Tell me," said J. V., "who are these girls?"

"They are the Chief's wives," said the interpreter.

"How many has he?"

"A dozen, so far."

"How do they all live?"

The interpreter indicated the countryside. "They grow their own crops, make

their own meal, kill their own cattle, brew their own beer."

"Who does all the work?"

"His wives do all the work."

"What does he do?"

"He sleeps in the sun when it is hot. Hunts a little when it is cool. Eats, drinks, dances when the moon is at the full, and sleeps."

"That all?"

The interpreter smiled. "That is all he does. The women do the work."

"Has he any money?" said J. V.

"He does not know what money is. He needs none."

J. V. Dibble sipped his beer reflectively. "Boy," he said at length. "I've been wasting my time."

J. S. Bettle.

### The Flappers' Farewell

("Skirts Will Be Longer"—*Fashion Note*)

SOCIETY pans us, propriety bans us,  
The highbrows raise eyebrows in *re* us,  
The bawlers and bluffers and bald-headed  
duffers

Unite, and delightedly flay us!  
They dub us Dumb Doras, they snub and  
ignore us,

Our simplest exertions excite 'em,  
We're viewed as pariahs by mewing  
Marias—

And so we'll reform—just to spite 'em!

No slickers and zippers, no liquors in  
dippers,

No wheezes on knees and undies,  
No gay little frolics with stray alcoholics,  
To brighten the lives of the Grundys!  
We'll bleat for a chaperon, ne'er meet a  
chap alone,

Blench at the mention of highballs,  
We'll spurn all excesses, and turn out in  
dresses

That reach from our feet to our eye-  
balls!

### R. I. P.

Here lyeth ye dapper Remains of ye  
Flapper,

Her Ways were too Racie and Rough;  
Ye World will forget her—and Maybe  
Grow Better—  
But Gosh! How ye Kidde knew her  
Stuff!

R. Jere Black, Jr.

**BANKING PROBLEM**—How to get all the vice-presidents into a bank for a directors' meeting without giving the public the impression that there is a run on the institution?

### Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

In old days, a Napoleon had to be short. If he had been a little taller he would have been killed by the first of the bullets that went an inch above his head.

—Arthur Brisbane.

Surely some way ought to be found to protect the moral boys from the immoral school girls.—A. B. See.

The Italian press is the freest in the world.—Benito Mussolini.

Does the barber who cuts your hair try to do his best for you? If he doesn't, perhaps it's a proof that you haven't tried to show your best side to the barber.

—Edgar A. Guest.

I am infallible.—John Roach Stratton.

### Progress of Prohibition Enforcement

ASSISTANT SECRETARY LOWMAN of the Treasury Department in charge of Prohibition enforcement announces, "We have a special squad of agents for detail to colleges if they are annoyed by speakeasies or bootleggers," and a messenger is caught with a bag full of whiskey in the Treasury Department Building; five persons in Los Angeles die of the effects of wood alcohol, and a jealous lover kills his rival by getting him to drink poisoned



"You know that artist that killed his wife with a hammer?"  
"No, but I know his work."

liquor; rum chasers off Cape May, New Jersey, fire machine guns at luminous jellyfish, thinking them floating whiskey kegs, and an elk-breeding farm at Middleboro, Mass., is raided by dry agents; a high-class Chicago speakeasy is bombed for refusing to buy alcohol from the local syndicates, and a man in Toledo, Ohio, sells gin from an automobile parked at

the curb; in Baltimore four tank cars of pure alcohol are missing, and the W. C. T. U. of Sheridan, Wyoming, adopts a resolution cautioning its members not to drink cider after it is twenty-four hours old; a German correspondent informs his government that the United States produces ten million more gallons of wine than before Prohibition, and Florida residents are described as making rum out of cocoanuts; a New York Harbor rum chaser official runs down a shipment of whiskey aboard a fishing schooner with the aid of a dream after eating a Welsh rarebit, and a horse is found intoxicated in Brooklyn; the W. C. T. U. objects to whiskey's being released to the Red Cross to help the hurricane sufferers of the South, and Bishop William T. Manning is converted to Prohibition.

W. W. Scott.

### RESPONSE TO A YOUNG LADY WHO ASKED FOR AN AUTOGRAPH

I ONLY write my name below  
Because you asked me to; and so  
When later on my scrawl you see  
Don't murmur, "Who in hell was he?"

Arthur Guiterman.

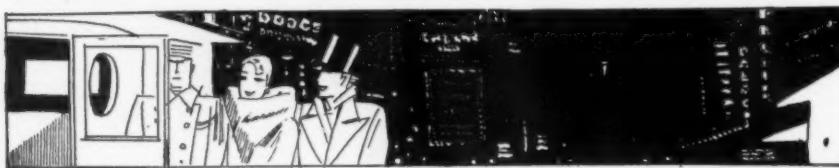
### THAT'S BRAVERY

SOLICITOR: Would you indorse our cigarettes for two thousand dollars, sir?

CELEBRITY: For two thousand dollars I'd smoke the damned things.



FOREMAN (to pneumatic drillers): Do your best, boys. I got a tip there's a couple dentists in the crowd watching yer.



## ALONG THE MAIN STEM

by  
Walter  
Winchell

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

I was just thinking about several actors, who are now listed along with other millionaires, who a few years ago were considered so many hams. Today they are starring on Broadway or in the provinces and even if they weren't in a show they still would rate a bow from the mob that curtsies before people who have power or money. Did you know, frixample, that Al Jolson is worth four million dollars? Well, he is. Eddie Cantor, who sold newspapers when he was

a kid and who started in show business with Bedini and Arthur, the jugglers (who paid him fifteen bucks per to break plates on his dome), is on his second million. And not because he got tired of trying to collect his first.

Sophie Tucker is rich, too; Texas Guinan ought to be (considering the price for sandwiches at her former night clubs), and Eddie Dowling is the newest of the actors to rate the sub-title of millionaire. These Park Avenue-rich players accumulated a lot of their wealth singing songs or making funny faces, but most of

them made "good connections" with influential Wall Streeters who tipped them off to What's What.

Mr. Dowling met Mr. Raskob, the big General Motors man, two years ago, for instance. The following year he was worth \$500,000. Mr. Jolson and Mr. Cantor are officials of several big banks throughout the country and George Jessel, being a lifelong friend of both, is also worth a mess of sugar. A comedian named Lou Holtz is a landlord in New York, but like his comrades, he must keep working in the theaters to hear that applause. His apartment houses on Riverside Drive are choice places and last week he peddled an apartment house to the *New York Times*, which wanted more space for its plants on 43rd Street. The price would make an acrobat's head swim, so we'll change the subject.

But before we do, it might be added that the above-mentioned lucky stiffs got "in" with the men (who know what stocks or bonds are going to leap or fall before anyone else) by playing at benefits when asked to. Or they favored a great club or organization with a song or dance and refused to accept any wages. Naturally the big shots returned the favors with "tips" that sent their names high up on the Income Tax lists. Ain't some people got fun, though?

The old Stem is gayer than ever, Willard. The newest rendezvous to reopen is the Club Richman and it is a grand place to take the Woman Who Understands You. The couvert is reasonable and the menu prices oke. Harry Richman stars there again, Frances Williams does lowdown chunes in the fascinating manner, and Irving Aaronson's Commanders orchestra not only are instrumentalists who know how, but they get hot with ditties that leave you limp.

The Yacht Club 4 are back at the Ambassador Grill. Chick Endor and his new bride are starring at the Café Paris (formerly Helen Morgan's place on 54th Street). The Jungle Room is where Dorothy Parker, Betty Starbuck, Peggy Joyce, Fanny Ward and Lord Northesk Did Things the other night, and the Chez Florence has been getting all of the publicity lately. Sneeze, the clever black boy, is the star there and a sepia-shaded femme sings swell blues.

Nearly everyone you know is getting married and trying to live happily ever after. The Cotton Club in Harlem has a



"Keep quiet and I'll let you see nice organ come up out of the ground."





FARMER: No, I wouldn't think o' chargin' ye fer the cider. That'd be bottleggin'—an' praise the Lord, I ain't come t' that yit. The peck o' potatoes 'll be five dollars.

new chocolate drop revue that attracts the downtowners in flocks. Lillian Lorraine is better after being operated on for appendicitis, as is Anna Held, Jr. Ziegfeld is still wearing blue shirts with blue collars. The most revolting news of the week is that a cartoonist who had to pay for two seats to Jed Harris' smash hit, "Front Page," wrote the letter of complaint to the District Attorney which resulted in an investigation of the play, though it drew a clean bill of health.

The latest Broadwayese is "She's full of barb wire," which is applied to a girl who is hard to meet. The Thursday midnight shows at "Black Birds" entice the celebs and the other stay-up-lates, who come nearly every week just to hear the most contagious chunes in town. The latest shipment of giggle water is only fair and they are saying that since Paul White- man got married he is a happy couple.

### Employed

RECENTLY some census statistician announced that there were 97,314 different occupations, callings, trades, and visible means of support in New York—or maybe it was two other figures; but in any case, the official estimate is wrong: it should read 97,315.

For the other evening a subway train, with the superhuman intelligence sometimes so noticeable in inanimate objects, was rushing desperately away from Brooklyn toward New York. Down the swaying line of cars tottered a blind and aged Negro, shabby, unkempt, pathetic. Precariously he lurched from side to side, tapping, tapping, tapping along with his tin cup in his hand. Two or three colored girls were sitting together in the not very crowded car (advt., the *Subway Sun*), and one of them jumped up and

started to guide the pathetic old figure. "Heah's a seat fo' you, suh," she told him kindly.

The old Negro smiled. "No, thank you, sistuh," he said, shaking off her grasp. "Ah's wukkin'."

Don Moore.

### THE ROYAL ROAD

FATHER: Well, I don't have to worry any longer about how I'm going to get the money to send my boy to college.

FRIEND: Why not?

FATHER: He has made the All-State High School football team.

SERIOUS YOUNG LADY (at gay party): How superficial this all is—mostly froth!

FUDDLED YOUNG MAN: Yeh, Jack always gets too much yeast in.

## MEMORIES



CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

There is much acrimonious debate as to who won the war—but there can be no question of doubt that it was Bruce Bairnsfather, more than any other one man, who made it endurable.

Bairnsfather went out to France with the first contingent of the British Expeditionary Force—"that contemptible little army," as the Kaiser called it; known affectionately and proudly ever since as the "Old Contemptibles." It was in the front line trenches that Bairnsfather encountered and immortalized those three Eternal Tommies—"Old Bill," "Bert" and "Alf."

The surrounding cartoons were drawn by Capt. Bairnsfather for LIFE from recollections of 1914-18.



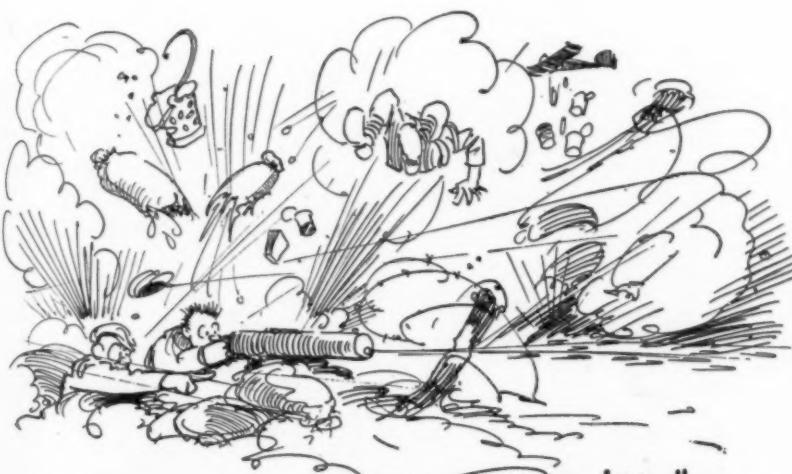
# of the B.E.F.



Nah then! Come ahn!  
Let's see yer put  
some life  
into it!



Salisbury plain  
6.AM January-  
- with fog



## MEMORIES



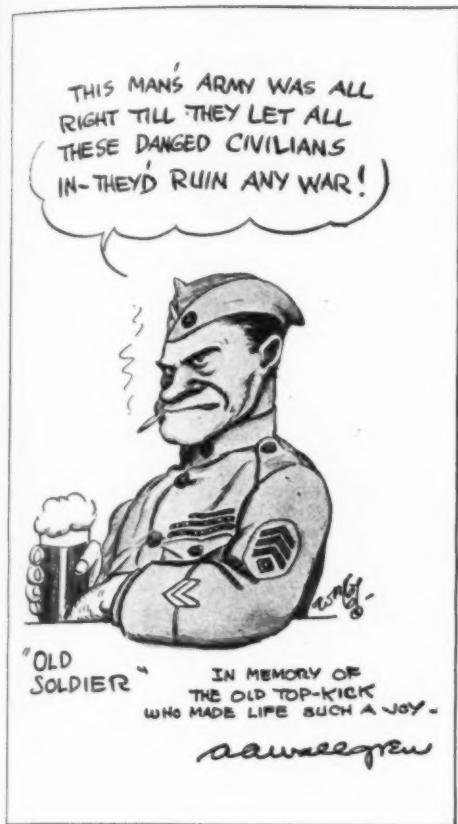
PRIVATE A. A. WALLGREN

One day after the United States declared war on Germany, A. A. Wallgren left his desk in the sporting department of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" and joined the Marines. He went to France in June, 1917, with the Fifth Marines. A year later, when the "Stars and Stripes" became the official journal of the A. E. F., Mr. Wallgren ("Wally") contributed to it the cartoons that made the doughboys laugh at themselves.

The U. S. Government realized that Wally's pen was mightier than any howitzer, and in recognition of his distinguished services they never gave him a medal. But every doughboy who fought either the Battle of the Argonne or the Battle of Paris, or both, knows Wally and is grateful to him.

Mr. Wallgren, like Capt. Bairnsfather, is now a regular contributor to LIFE.

of the A.E.F.



MAJOR FULLER HAD A CUTE LITTLE TRICK--HE DELIGHTED IN SNEAKING UP ON A GROUP OF MEN AND YELLING "ATTENTION" IN A TERRIFYING VOICE--THEN, WHEN HE HAD THEM ALL SCARED STIFF, HE'D SING THEM A LITTLE SONG--IT WAS VERY, VERY FUNNY--FOR HIM.



A MOST TRAGIC EVENT - THE SQUAD'S LAST BOTTLE IN FRANCE IS HERE SEEN CRASHING TO THE STEEL-COVERED DECK OF THE DOCK AT BREST - THE NEXT STOP IS THE U.S.A. WHERE PROHIBITION HAS JUST GONE INTO EFFECT. (JULY, 1919.)



THE OLD TIN HAT MADE A DANDY  
CANDLE-STAND AT NIGHT, BUT THE  
GOOF WHO FELL OUT WITH IT STILL  
ADORNING HIS TOP-PIECE WAS CON-  
SIDERED OUT OF UNIFORM.



## SPORTSMEN and SPORTS

### Sectional Disputes

by  
John  
Kieran

THE NAVY went on the rocks three times in a row and Penn brought out a line-busting, rip-snorting football player by the name of Gentle, which indicates that the well-known dope is running for Sweeney in this gridiron campaign. Anything can happen. It is said that Missouri is going to advance on New York with a forward line capable of knocking over all the tall buildings on Manhattan Island. This is fair warning to N. Y. U. but, according to the Missourians, it isn't important.

"Never mind the line," they said re-

cently. "Watch that backfield. Boy, they're all ten-second men, flat."

A somewhat cynical Easterner, who had seen Lassman, Grant and other giant forwards of the unblushing Violet in action, agreed with the Missouri statement in part:

"That's what they'll be when they hit that N. Y. U. line; ten-second men—flat."

Well, there's more bad news than that. The gentlemen-farmers from Oregon State are coming East for a Thanksgiving Day battle at the Yankee Stadium. They also promise to plow up the N. Y. U. line and harrow the feelings of all supporters of Eastern prestige on the grid-

iron. They have a real Indian chief in the line-up, one of the Nez Percés. He speaks good broken English and still thinks that it would be a good idea to allow the use of a tomahawk, at least until the line of scrimmage is passed.

Then they have a fellow named Henry Honolulu Hughes, which must be an alias in part, because he is a native Hawaiian. He plays the ukulele on the Oregon State team and also does the kicking—barefooted! Yes, sir; when it comes time to punt the ball down the field or drop a field goal over the crossbar, Mr. Hughes of Hawaii removes his right shoe and stocking and goes into action. So far, there has been no explanation of this queer procedure but it may be something like the apology of a certain big league baseball announcer who uses a very small megaphone, one that looks as if it were picked before it was ripe. "I have such a powerful voice," said this announcer, "that if I used a full-sized megaphone I would knock the crowd down." Perhaps if Honolulu Hughes kept his shoe on, he would kick the ball out of the county.

But that isn't all. A Californian and a resident of the Hudson Valley were talking recently of the coming Stanford-Army scrap. Here's a segment of the conversation:

"The Army, ha! Applesauce! Wait until this boy Biff Hoffman hits those tin soldiers. He comes from Petaluma, the biggest poultry center in the world, and he's a hard-boiled egg."

"So? The big egg from Petaluma, hey? Bud Sprague and those other Army guys will make an omelette of that egg. Or would you rather have him scrambled?"

"You birds in the East have never seen a real football player, but wait until you get a glimpse of this Hoffman going through the infantry, the cavalry and the blooming engineers. Watch him bust that line!"

"I doubt if he'll ever get up to the line. They'll smear him three yards back."

"And we've got others—not quite so good as Hoffman, maybe, but better than anything you fellows ever saw in the way of real football players. It will be Army, good night!"

"California, there she blows!"

Then, and only then, did the Californian uncork an overhand right, but it was a rotten fight. The Easterner won, going away. He was very fast on his feet.



### SHORT CUT

ALICE: What are your views on love?  
VIRGINIA: I haven't any views—I just love!



## MRS. PEP'S DIARY

by  
**Baird**  
**Leonard**

OCTOBER 17 — A wake be-times, threatening my hus-band with divorce if he do not, whilst he is telephoning at my writing table, cease scribbling and drawing pictures on what-ever memoranda of mine are at his hand, for Lord! all my unanswered letters are full of futuristic figures and we have not presented a wedding card in months which has not had on its reverse a rough sketch of a cottage with smoke coming out of its chimney. Then on the telephone with Terence Holliday to tell him that none of the Keith Preston books he has sent me contains the verse about Shad-rach, Meshach and Abednego, which I do wish to send Mistress Hastings in ex-change for the one she told me beginning, "Methuselah ate what he found on his plate," but there was this quatrain in one of the volumes which pleased me:

"Among our literary scenes,  
 Saddest this sight to me:  
 The graves of little magazines  
 That died to make verse free."

To luncheon at Tella Brown's, of sweetbreads and mushrooms, fried hominy and a romaine salad, very fine, and she did tell me how she had been reared under the Victorian influence which taught a child to be afraid of everything and how as a young married woman she had lined her three children up every night before they went to bed and gone through this ritual: "If a runaway horse came towards you down the street, what would you do?" "Get behind a tree, Mama!" "If you were alone in the house and it caught fire, what would you do?" "Roll in a rug, Mama!" etc. Dinner at home with Sam, reading afterwards in "The Star-Spangled Manner," by Beverley Nichols, a book in which the author's conceit does outstrip anything that ever I read in my life, and I do hear that in a previous work he has set down an interview which he had with George Moore, so I shall seek it out at my earliest opportunity, for it should indeed be a case of when Greek meets Greek.

OCTOBER 18 — This day very warm, with flies about the house in such numbers that we were obliged to get out the swatters, and my husband, poor wretch, so querul-



"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile! smile! smile!"

ous because of the humidity that there was small living with him, so that I did ask him please to treat me as if I were fifteen years younger than he, instead of only three, whereupon we fell to talking of this and that, in especial what we regretted most not having done in life, and Sam did say that he thought he was sorriest for not having visited Yama Farms before Prohibition, but, being thoroughly feminine and living mainly in the present, my own lament was that I could not go to the Clarks' polo luncheon last week and sit next Will Rogers, as our host had planned for me to do. To the shops, buying ice picks, hat stands, orange juice strainers and similar articles whose lack can completely derange my domestic machinery. To tea with Jack and Mildred Rogers, and Jack did tell me how a female client of his had urged him strongly a few days ago to buy immediately as much

Fox Films as he could swing, and how he had told her that he would look into it as soon as he returned from snatching a hasty luncheon bite, and when he got back to his office the stock had gone up seven points, so that he figured his gluten toast sandwich had cost him three or four thousand dollars. Dinner at Marge Boothby's new penthouse flat, everything so smartly done that it was difficult to credit her tale of having run so short of finger-bowls last night that she was obliged to use one of the bathroom soap dishes.

### A SELL-OUT

Box OFFICE CLERK: I want some two-cent stamps.

Post OFFICE CLERK (*about to tear them off sheet*): How many?

Box OFFICE CLERK: I'll take the three front rows.



CAPTAIN OF SCHOONER: Are you marooned?

SAILORS (after three weeks of hardship): Hell, no—we're just college boys playing hookey from a Floating University!

THE LIFE OF THE WORLD WAR AVIATOR ACCORDING TO CURRENT FICTION

LEAVES training school. Two weeks later is commissioned with title of "Ace." Writes all about it in diary.

Takes drink. Writes in diary. Takes several. Tells himself he must remember to write it in diary when hand is steadier.

Kisses French mam'selle. Writes in diary. Kisses her again. Writes in diary. Kisses her once more. Forgets about diary—for the moment.

Takes up plane in patrol with four

others. Writes in diary, while manipulating joystick. Combat. Asks enemy how he spells name. Writes in diary. Pal is killed. Weeps—over diary.

Flies to Paris and takes French mam'selle for ride, drinking from nippled bottle, fighting enemy plane, while writing in diary with free hand.

Bernard Teran.

"WHY is Mrs. Tryon so cold toward Mrs. Bryan?"

"She claims Mrs. Bryan is infringing on some of her symptoms."

NOWADAYS

EVERY little movement has, in addition to a meaning all its own—

At least two attorneys as lobbyists; A superintendent; An assistant superintendent; Half a dozen secretaries; Twenty or more stenographers; A couple of press agents; Luxurious quarters in Washington, and

A mailing list of 22,000 newspapers, 22,000 of which chuck the movement's propaganda on the floor as soon as it is received.

C. J.



FEUDAL LORD: Hey, boy!

PAGE: Can't stop now—I'm hurrying to catch a train!



## THE THEATRE



### Heavy Sopples

by  
Robert  
Benchley

IT HAS just seemed this week as if everything went wrong. All in one night, *Valerie* and *Maurice* in "Jealousy" got themselves into an awful jam through nagging and lying; in "Exceeding Small" *Ed* and *Gert* took a final wallop from Fate and gave up the fight; and even *Machiavelli*, who thought he was so smart, found out that the best break he could get from his favorite Prince was a garden in exile with an offstage gramophone playing gypsy music. Isn't that always the way?

The troubles of *Machiavelli* come as the climax to a play called "The Grey Fox," which is out of Professor Baker's course at Yale by Lemist Esler. It is much the type of play one would expect to come out of a college dramatic course which had just been endowed with an expensive new theatre. It calls for (and certainly gets from Messrs. Brady and Wiman) an elaborate production, with hanging banners and canopied beds, and should be a more stirring affair than it is.

Most of our indifference to "The Grey Fox" came from the fact that, "way down deep in our heart, we were indifferent to the fate of the city of Pisa and, for that matter, the whole of the Italian Peninsula. Our ignorance of Italian history has something epic about it. Even such a versatile family as the Borgias have interested us only as pathological cases and we should have liked them much better if they could have arranged to be English or German. From the Fall of Rome down to and including Mussolini we have tried to think as little as possible of Italy. The Fall of Rome somehow took the heart out of us.



So, THROUGH no fault of Mr. Esler's, we were held throughout "The Grey Fox" chiefly by a desire to see just how old Henry Hull would get as the play progressed and just how much lovelier Chrysital Herne could look in each succeeding act. The good melodrama of the second act gave our blood pressure sufficient fluctuation to make us feel that we had been in the theatre, even though it was the

Yale theatre, and Edward Arnold, by making *Cesare Borgia* very genial and un-Italian, almost got us into the spirit of the thing; but we are afraid that Renaissance Italians and all Orientals are always going to make us look forward to eleven o'clock.



You might think that it would be impossible for two characters to carry a whole play on their shoulders for three acts, and you would be right. But Fay Bainter and John Halliday do wonders with "Jealousy." In fact, if it were not that you know in advance that there are to be only two characters and that there is no chance of ever seeing anyone else come in at that door, you could very easily sit through the play and not realize that a *tour de force* was being executed. This, in itself, is proof enough of the remarkable quality of the acting.

Miss Bainter, so far removed from the Fay Bainter of the "East Is West" school as to be an entirely different person, is nothing short of marvelous, and Mr. Halliday, in spite of having to play that most ungrateful of all rôles—the jealous husband—succeeds equally well in an equally difficult task. There are moments when the thing sags, but so there are in many another play having more people to work with, and Eugene Walter has succeeded in doing what Verneuil set out to do in French and then lost his nerve. Everyone concerned, under Guthrie McClintic's direction, has done well what seemed impossible to do at all. The only question now is, "Was it worth doing?"

IN "Exceeding Small" (and if any more newspaper reviewers refer to it as "Exceedingly Small" we will have their papers suppressed) the Actors' Theatre has opened its season auspiciously. Perhaps not from a box-office standpoint, for it is a little play which is almost unbearably sad, sad in a way which makes you feel that you may not be able to sit it out to its tragic ending. This is not good business, but it is a worthy thing to have done, for it is an honest, effective play. Ruth Easton is excellent as the young wife and Eric Dressler continues to

prove himself the good actor we suspected him of being several years ago in a short-lived play about a jazz-band.

WE SEEM to have been in a minority, but we liked "Olympia." (Fanatical followers of this department will remember that "Olympia" was the play we missed seeing in Budapest last March because we didn't know the word for Thursday in Magyar.) We wouldn't go so far as to hail it as one of Molnar's best, but almost anything of Molnar's is good enough to keep our head out of our dress-collar, and it seemed to us that "Olympia," especially in its first act, was an interesting and amusing play. It got a little jumbled after that, but who doesn't?

The three principal characters in "Olympia" as played by Fay Compton, Laura Hope Crews and Ian Hunter helped matters along immensely and we should think that even Molnar Ferenc would approve of Sidney Howard's translation. Our Budapest office, however, informs us that it was quite a different sort of play in the original. Aren't you glad now that we didn't see it and so are unable to compare the two productions?



WE HAVE always wanted to see a typical villain playing the hero, and no better example could be found than the performance of Mr. Robert Gleckler, who has taken John Cromwell's place in "Gentlemen of the Press." Mr. Gleckler, you will remember, has been shot down like the dog that he was in both "Broadway" and "Ringside," and now he is called upon to be a nice, kind-hearted newspaper-man with a loving-cup and a daughter. All the way through you expect the police to break in and arrest him for what he did in "Broadway" and, if you were the other characters in the play, you wouldn't trust him as far as the telephone booth. But he really is honest and noble, thereby proving that you can't tell anything by a man's looks—which is a great comfort to us.

*The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 28.*



**"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"**  
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"THE AUDIENCE will forget," said Edna St. Vincent Millay when the war had been over only a year or two. In a decade we have forgotten a great deal, and most of it is just as well forgotten. American cities cheer a Zeppelin flying overhead; the German flag flutters in greeting, and it is the flag of the German democrats and 1848, not of the Hohenzollerns and 1914. The great powers of the world have solemnly renounced war as an instrument of policy, in a treaty which its author describes as embodying the aspirations of the peoples toward peace. All of which is excellent; but there are a few things that we might profitably remember on this and every other anniversary of the armistice, if we are not ultimately to suffer a greater calamity even than the war of 1914.

Aspirations toward peace are good as far as they go, but none of the nations that went to war in 1914 wanted war. What is more, none of the governments of Europe wanted war, except the Austrian; and even the Austrians wanted only an easy local war, trusting to the general respect for the German army to save them from anything worse. In Berlin and St. Petersburg, in Paris and London, the responsible men wanted peace; but they wanted other things first. When the Kaiser wrote to Jagow, three days before he declared war, "I will keep the peace in my own way," he said pretty much what every government in Europe was thinking; and the outcome was that they failed to keep the peace in any way at all.

Why? Because the war of 1914 was the alternative to a diplomatic conflict which no government was willing to lose; in which no government was willing to suffer the loss of national prestige and the

injury to national interest that would have been entailed in backing down. And there will never be a lasting peace until the peoples of the world realize that disputes between nations are bound to arise, and cannot always be compromised so that both sides can think they have won. From time to time some nation will have to go to law or arbitration, and get the worst of it, and put up with it, if the outlawry of war is to amount to anything more than a pious gesture.



THAT Europe stumbled into war in 1914, in spite of aspirations toward peace, may have been the fault of the wicked old diplomacy, which took no account of the popular will; but the peoples are mainly to blame for the faults of the peace. That war began as a war of governments, but it ended as a war of peoples. And a war of peoples is more vindictive than a war of governments; for it becomes, in the popular mind, a crusade, a struggle between Right and Wrong in which no punishment is too severe for the beaten enemy. Hence the appalling blunders of our Reconstruction period; hence the faults of the Treaty of Versailles.

The worst of those faults was the clause in which the Germans had to accept sole responsibility for the war. We know now that that was not true, that the Austrians were the principal culprits and that every great power had some share of the blame; but it has been remarked that the wicked old diplomacy would have known better than to put such a clause into a treaty, whether it was true or not. It could do nothing, and has done nothing, but keep alive old bitterness. Why was it put in?

Mainly because the great majority of people in the allied nations believed that it was true, and ought to be put on record to the eternal shame of the Germans. Now that it is in there, no politician dares to be the first to propose to take it out.

Today, when the war is ten years past, the politicians and bankers are only beginning to try to fix the amount of damages the Germans must pay. The uncertainty of that figure has done more than anything else to delay the recovery of Europe. Why was it not fixed at the time? Because peoples prodded to fury wanted the Germans to pay more than any nation ever could; and politicians who knew better did not dare tell their constituents that no matter who lost the war, we all must pay for it.



Now that the whole people is a nation's war machine, now that civilians as well as soldiers are exposed to air raids, every war between great powers will be a people's war hereafter; and the preservation of peace is a people's responsibility. We have devised an impressive machinery—the League Covenant, the Locarno agreements, the Kellogg treaties—to prevent the world from stumbling into war again, as it did in 1914. But the machinery will not work unless politicians use it; and they will not use it unless they know that the voters who elect them want it used.

There may be issues on which men should always fight rather than give in; but now, while war dangers are remote, we ought to make up our minds just what those issues are. Not every national interest is worth the stupendous price that even a victorious war costs nowadays. The substitute for war as an instrument of policy is the submission of disputes to arbitration, or to a world court. But before judges or arbitrators, we could not expect always to win; the price of peace is submission to an occasional adverse decision, on an issue in which we believe we are right. The American people does not seem willing to pay that price; and till it is willing, our aspirations to peace are worthless. Some day we may have to decide in a hurry whether we would rather eat our cake or have it.

Meanwhile we have replaced Germany as the leading power of the world, and have inherited the unpopularity that goes with that predominance; and prosperity



## In Nicaragua

"Say, buddy, I just happened to think — this is Armistice Day."

has engendered in us the conviction that this is God's own country, and we are His chosen people. So the Germans felt, in their day, and presently they had to pay for it. We might begin wondering now whether our national self-complacency is worth what it may some day cost.

Elmer Davis.

## —Life Lines—

WELL—now that the delightful presidential campaign is over, the country can settle down to consideration of the real question: Who is going to be the next heavyweight champion?

II

"AREN'T YOU INTRIGUED BY THE IDEA OF A BEAN POT FOR A LAMP?"  
—Advertisement in the *New Yorker*.

FRANKLY, no!

II

YEARS will pass and millions of dollars will be spent before the great Monument to the Confederacy on Stone

Mountain is completed. And within half an hour of its official unveiling, we wager, someone will climb up and pencil a mustache on Robert E. Lee.

II

"POSITION WANTED about Feb. 1. At present time employed at City Hall, but will work if I have to. Address WORKER, care Recall Weekly."

—Dallas Recall Weekly.

ANOTHER candidate for the Ex-Mayors' Club?

II

WIDE-OPEN Philadelphia has asked an old ball player named Billy Sunday to come to its rescue, another named McGillicuddy having failed.

II

"HAVE never bought anything on charge account of Herbert Turaus. Never knew it was possible. Pearl Turaus."—Detroit News.

"ALWAYS belittlin'."

II

We hear the total cost of Christmas in this country this year will be over \$200,000,000. "Merry Christmas, Daddy dear."

## "What a Relief!"

(*Two Days After Election*)

"WHOA, there! Morning, Clem!"

"Whoa! How're ya, Jim?"

"Feeling great—this relief is fine!"

"You bet it is! I knew they'd give it to us right after election."

"So'd I, though it's been a long time coming."

"Yes, but the relief is all the nicer now to us farmers."

"I'll say so! When I turned the knob on the radio last night and didn't hear a political speech on the whole circuit, I never felt more relieved in my life."

"I sure enjoyed last night too. Well, so long, Jim. Giddap!"

"Goodbye, Clem. Giddap!"

Fred B. Mann.

FIRST TOURIST: And in Egypt did you visit the Pyramid of Gizeh?

SECOND TOURIST: Yes; I broke my jack-knife on the damned thing.



**A THOUGHT:**  
Events of the past week convince us that no public official can be greater than the folks who elect him.

# Home Life

A Weekly Periodical For Family People



**WEATHER FORECAST:**

Partly Cloudy.



Franklin P. Adams, Editor.



**EDITORIAL**

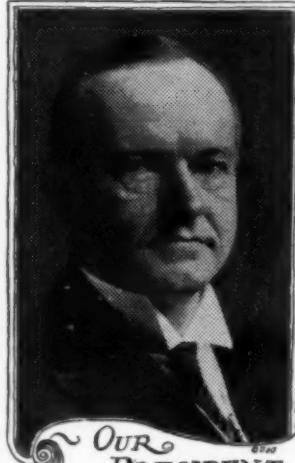
With this issue, HOME LIFE makes its bow before what we hope and will aim to deserve will be a growing number of readers, or better yet, subscribers.

We believe that the finest type of citizen in this nation of ours is the family man, or (God bless her!) the family woman. We believe that the seat of American happiness is in the American home. On that belief our editorial policy is defiantly based!

Through a corps of correspondents in the nation's most interesting cities, regardless of size, that is, of the cities, not of the correspondents, we shall print every week the local happenings in such cities.

We will accept paid advertising from those enterprising and reliable merchants and others who have the perspicaciousness to know that it is only through a direct appeal to the right sort of consumers that those consumers may know the merit of your goods. But we will NEVER permit our advertisers to influence or even control our editorial judgment! We shall print the TRUTH, without fear or favor!

(Advertising rates on request.)



*Our President*

CALVIN COOLIDGE

After six and one-half years of devoted service as Chief Executive, he is planning to retire next March and enter some other field of activity. The nation's good wishes go with him.

won the war, was a pleasant visitor recently with his wife.

• The elevator starters at the City Hall are getting so good with their castanets that folks expect to see them break into a Fandango any minute.

• Ambassador Herrick, who knows France like a book, has been out here getting acquainted with his own country. The Ambassador is a personal friend of Col. Charles A. "Lone Eagle" Lindbergh.

• J. L. Hektoen of Chicago is visiting here, he hearing many a witty quip about the gunplay so prevalent in his home city.

• S. S. Van Dine, né Willard Huntington Wright, is back in Hollywood for an indefinite stay. He used to be a common ordinary newspaper reporter in L. A. but then went to New York and got highbrow. Now that he's reverted to writing detective fiction, he figures he ought to come back here again, we suppose.

• Don't forget the Browning Club "Jinks" Thursday night.—*Advt. Wm. J. Pringle, Jr.*

**BOSTON**

ELECTION DAY was observed locally on Tuesday and quite a few ladies, we are informed, marked kisses on the Australian ballot.

• The Radcliffe College girls have voted Shakespeare their favorite author, but we understand O. O. McIntyre would have won out if the girls told the truth.

• The water dept. has installed 159 new fire plugs this year, tightening up the traffic congestion.

• One of our stentorian voiced citizens has this week obtained a permanent position as auctioneer at a closing-out sale of jewelry on Washington Street.

• Howard Moulton had to omit adding a pearl to his daughter's necklace this year. Howard has been eating his usual quota of raw oysters, but luck was against him.

• Nobody tried to break out of our local jails this week.

• There is a rumor that one of the Somerset Club members voted for Smith on Tuesday, but the air is always full of wild gossip around election time.

• Anyone who lost a corkscrew under the Harvard Stadium last Saturday can recover same at the H. A. A. There are 11,930 to choose from.

• This may not be news, but a lot of men in the downtown district who tote important looking brief cases only have their lunch in them.

Neal O'Hara.

**CHICAGO**

SPATS are back.

• The director of the American Opera Co. got a big hand from the critics for keeping the soldiers on the double-quick while they sang the "Soldiers' Chorus" in "Faust." We regret to be compelled to inform the critics that necessity was the mother of this invention. There were enough soldiers to go round, but not to stand still.

• Mrs. Ziegfeld, of here, and

her son "Ziggy," of N. Y., celebrated the former's birthday by attending a performance of "Rio Rita" at the Illinois, where a delightful evening was enjoyed by both.

• The Gov't having returned to the Cliff Dwellers all the money its members have paid in taxes on club dues—on account of it being discovered the Cliff Dwellers is a sort of educational institution—this most exclusive of high-brow retreats is prepared to blow the refund on decorations calculated to make the Club no longer look a sort of educational institution.

• As long as O. O. McIntyre continues to run a syndicated column of words we will never subscribe to another clipping bureau, it having cost us \$2.60 to date to discover we drank a glass of elderberry with O. O. and Gene Markey in Manhattan on a day when we were actually running our legs off in the Loop for HOME LIFE.

• Our missus wanting to know what news is, or are, for that matter, we told her the old one about a man biting a dog. "Then," said she intelligently, "'RUTH HITS HOMER' would not be news, but 'RUTH HITS HOOVER' would be."

• Blood will tell. When the other day Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, our famous Democrat, hostess and novelist, sideswiped a car bearing a Hoover election portrait, she merely said to its outraged occupant, "Sue freely—I'm insured," and lighted a Murad.

Ashton Stevens.

**OMAHA**

A CERTAIN party has stated publicly that we are just a Big Country Town. We don't suppose this party reads a magazine like LIFE so if someone will send them a copy they will see that Mr. Will Rogers says we are not a Big Country Town. Editorial.

• Mrs. W. D. Hosford and Mrs. Henry Dooley heard "The Front Page" in New York. From the reports, the language must be awful, by heck!

• Blue Howell, Cornhusker halfback, is thinking of going to

**LOCAL NEWS**



**LOS ANGELES**

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALLENBY, one of several men who

West Point in November. Blue sure hopes he can get away.

Upton Sinclair of Los Angeles went through the other day in an extra-fare train. His purpose was to get home in time to vote the straight Socialist ticket, that being the way he leans politically.

B. F. Sylvester.

### QUEBEC

Romeo Jobin, promising young singer of here, has gone to spend two years in Paris trying to find some person who can sing air to his swell tenor.

Pretty near time now to break out the husky dogs so's American explorers braving the hardships of the Chateau Frontenac will buy parkas, snowshoes and fur-lined mittens and send pictures of themselves enduring northern rigors to the boys back home.

Several sight drafts payable through any recognised jewelry store have been received by members of the local landed gentry, who are bidden thereby to come to the wedding of Bunny Foster and the little MacDougall girl in Montreal about now. HOME LIFE, being well acquainted with the groom, wishes the bride luck.

Doris Thomson and Lorrie Wiggs came back together from their honeymoon rec'tly and are sitting pretty high on the local social escalator, same being their rightful place.

Maybe F. P. A. can get roads mended in Connecticut by squawking in HOME LIFE, but he can't buy Messrs. Moët and Chandon's highly regarded product, complete with natural bubbles, for \$3.75 a quart. Your corresp't can.

Paul Claudel who runs a branch store for the French Gov't in Wash'ton, D. C., was here with his daughter round the first of the month. Paul stopped with Narcisse Perodeau who has a pretty swell house for a Lieutenant Governor.

Leslie Roberts.

### DETROIT

Look out, Deer! Judge Hubbard, who hunts with bow and arrow in the Indian style, was seen sniffing the autumn ozone the other day and gazing northward with a far-away look in his eye.

The big political rumpus having quieted down, Ty Tyson, our genial radio announcer, says it is quite a treat to have the country-savers off the air for a spell, so he can put on something serious.

Asked whether it was true in his own case, as Prohibition

Commissioner Doran says, that Prohibition is making men better-looking, Tony Maiullo is alleged to have answered, "Well, you can't paint the lily, you know."

Some dirty dog held up the gas station at the corner early Monday morning and took \$7.20. The dastard drove away in the direction of Chicago, whence he probably came from.

Farm report for Detroit and vicinity: Louis Graveure, noted baritone who is teaching voice at the agricultural college, has had his whiskers harvested, they making about 99 per cent of a crop.

Harve Campbell, Board of Commerce secretary, spent a couple of weeks very quietly with the Sheriff Wilsons on Beaubien Street. The Wilsons are all well and looking nicely, and have a house full of company nearly all the time, Harve says.

White-tail Virginia deer are ripe in the land of Michigan.

Elmer C. Adams.

### KANSAS CITY

MR. AND MRS. HENRI COCHET of La Belle, France, Wednesday in our midst recently. While here Hen played a few sets of tennis with our local champ, Junior Coen, winning same.

Our enterprising used car dealers have been complaining some of slack business, but are looking hopefully toward the near future, as our street car company is showing symptoms of applying for 10 cent street car fares.

Sergt. "Siki" Myers, who was chief of the liquor raiding squad for so long in our town, re-

tired last month to his 400-acre estate in Wright County, this state, in the heart of the Ozarks.

The Main Street viaduct over the Union Station tracks is still torn up, and looks as if it would be for some time to come, as it is quite a job for four men and a water boy. Our guess is they'll have to put on another man if they intend to get it done before the winter of 1929.

The Journal, venerable and respected morning paper here for many years, was laid to rest some days ago by its owner, Walter Dickey.

Our handsome new skyscraper, the Southwest Bell Telephone Building, is rounding into shape at the 28th story. Aviators and dirigibles, watch your step.

Clad H. Thompson.

### SEATTLE

HALLOWEEN passed without anyone trying to set up a buggy on the First Methodist Church Steeple which looks to the ed. like a pretty good answer to all this gossip about the "wild" younger generation.

A stranger named Kreisler gave a fiddling program at the local opera house one recent night but a lot of folks were disappointed when he finished without giving any imitations of birds, pumps or squeaky barn doors.

"I know just how Adam felt," said our witty mayor, Frank Edwards, when he got out of the hospital after having a broken rib repaired.

Some of our town wives

who hope to get fur coats have started their Christmas crying early.

Hal Burdick.

### CINCINNATI

CHILI con carne with plenty oyster crackers is all the vogue.

Our younger element are wearing trench coats instead of slickers and our stationers say bus. is perking up, slickers having cut on their guestbook, diary, scratch-pad and pen-wiper sales something awful in the past.

Coach Joe Meyer over at St. Xavier Coll. uses the Notre Dame system, excepting the Pullman jumps being shorter and not so frequent.

Bill Castellini, our rising young banker, is contemplating writing a book on the chain-store evil. Go to it, Bill. Bring back the old cracker barrel and the free sticks of licorice wood, is our view.

The U. S. Census Bureau says our pop. this yr. is 413,700, which some cits. say is slander, we having certainly gained more than only 1500 the past yr., they argue. Why take pop. so personally, say we, also ho hum.

Tupper Greenwald.

### NEW YORK

LOOKS like a white Thanksgiving.

John Erskine is abroad in Europe.

It is not too early to do some Xmas shopping, and there are no better places to do same than in the shops advertised herein.—Advt.

It is a long time since Kin Hubbard, our generous Indianapolis correspondent, has sent us a gal. can of the best maple syrup we ever got from Indiana.

Many of our jeunesse dorée have already engaged rooms at various Fla. resorts for January. Ye scribe will be right on the job at home, picking up news items.

Hugh Wallace was in town last week. Hugh used to be Ambassador to France, but he never lent Lindbergh any pajamas, so he is forgotten by the public eye.

Stoddard King and ye scribe are of the opinion that the Yales will defeat the Harvards in the impending gridiron classic, but Robert Benchley and Rob't Sherwood, who are Harvard alumnis, think the Crimson will prevail. The latter, however, evidently promised their parents they never would bet.

F. P. A.

### The Week



SUN., Nov. 11th —LORD'S DAY, also MARTINMAS, also ARMISTICE DAY. Text for today's sermon, "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

MON., Nov. 12th —The day following ARMISTICE DAY. Business resumed as usual in munitions factories.

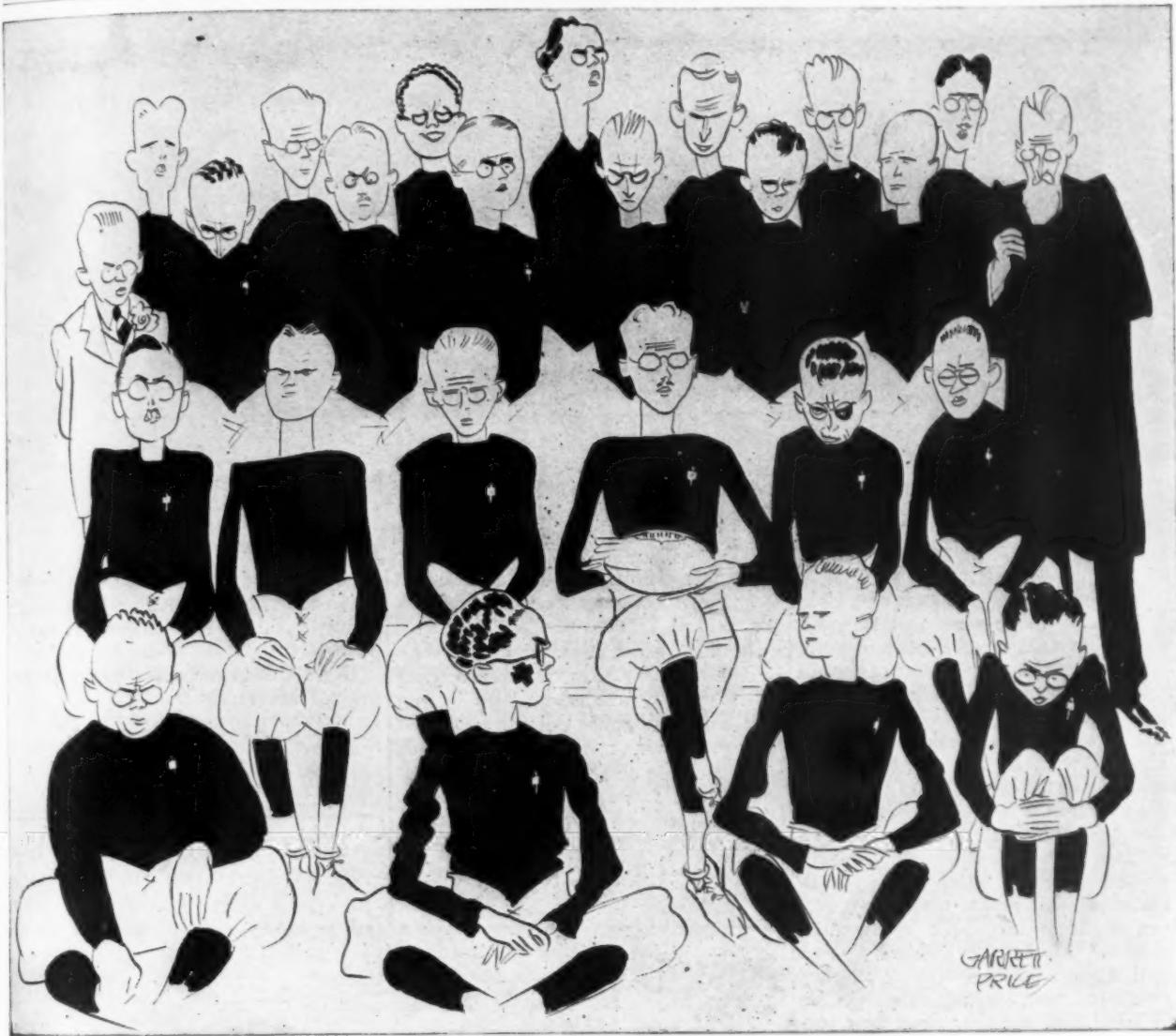
TUES., Nov. 13th —R. L. Stevenson, writer, born, 1850.

WED., Nov. 14th —Hegel, German philosopher, died, 1831.

THU., Nov. 15th —F. P. Adams, ye ed., born, 1881.

FRI., Nov. 16th —Tiberius, Roman emperor, born, 42 B. C.

SAT., Nov. 17th —Princeton vs. Yale, Chicago vs. Illinois, Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Iowa vs. Wisconsin, Penn vs. Columbia, Stanford vs. Washington, N. Y. U. vs. Missouri.



FOOTBALL SQUAD OF THE NEAR FUTURE IF THE RULES GET ANY MORE COMPLICATED

### Disillusioned

"Six bucks a seat! Twelve berries for two seats!"

"Are you going to spend the rest of your life growling because we went to the opera?"

"I gotta growl coming! Twelve bucks! They oughta be shot!"

"That's no way to talk about people who are trying to give us worthwhile music!"

"Worthwhile bologna! They're a pack of bandits!"

"You don't know good music when you hear it!"

"Who, me? Say, don't I sit in front of the radio every night? Listen, woman: it isn't the twelve dollars I mind! It's the

principle of the thing! I paid twelve bucks thinking we'd get an even break for the money, at least!"

"If you knew anything at all about opera you'd know that 'Pagliacci' is one of the finest things ever written!"

"Say, listen . . ."

"'Pagliacci' is Leoncavallo's masterpiece!"

"Blah! That shows just how much you know about 'worthwhile music'! I listened to that whole show closely and it's nothing but an out-and-out steal on that 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh' song we've been tuning in every night for six months!"

*Chet Johnson.*

NEW Version: "Where there's a will there's a why."

### Two Debs

"HELLO, m'dear. Say, I'm going on a frightful bender tonight and I expect to get right properly oiled, let me tell you."

"I'd like to get pipped myself tonight."

"Jack Doreen told me there'll be nothing but quarts and quarts of champagne. Maybe I'm not going to get snizzled."

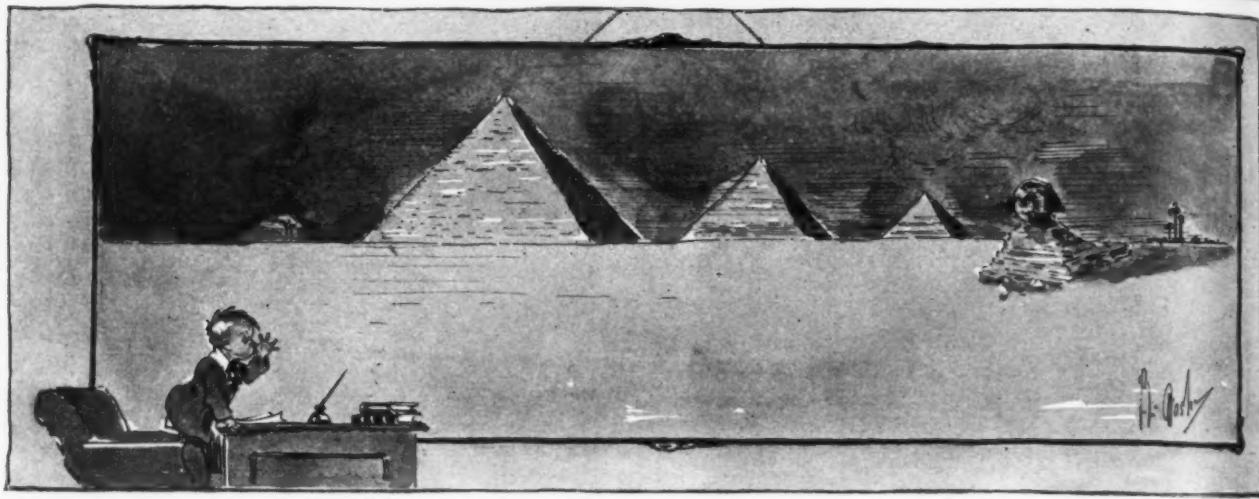
"Oh, how I'd like to get plastered with you, you lucky devil."

"I wish you could. We'll all be blotto. Some day soon, though, we'll get swamped together, m'dear."

"Right, we sure will get pizzoori-eyed. Goodbye, and take care of yourself and be careful you don't get drunk."

"Drunk! Gosh! I know better than that!"

*Bernard Teran.*



"That's what I think of you, Egypt!"

## SKIPPY'S LETTERS

by  
**Percy L. Crosby**

DEAR SOOKY:  
Here I am, doin home work an the Orpheum's sellin standin-room. An me without a breath of air since supper. All work an no play makes Jack a dull boy.

I had to know somethin about pyramids so I went in and asked Pop. He had to stay in too cause he was out playin cards last night. I showed him the picture in the geography an asked about it. Pop sez, "Men in those days was all for makin very strong houses. Then they were always afraid that people would complain about drafts so they built 'em without windows." Maybe the builders figured they'd never rent them anyway an they didn't want them on their hands. As far as I could find out they must have just slapped them up cause camels was always trippin over loose stones.

I come to find out they were over a hundred feet high. How did the man who put the top stone on get down? You could force me up the vestibule an ask me how he ever got the top stone up there in the first place, an I could come back an say, "After he got it up there, what good did it do?" It ain't even a first-class roost for a sparrow. All a bird could do is balance himself on one foot an then he'd be showin off. An if he *did* balance around, all he could think of when he looked down was that one leg was longer than the other.

For some time me an Pop slipped the chatter back an forth. What I don't know about kings ya could gossip off your pinky nail.

In those days the only thing a king had

to do was plank himself in a stone seat so he could look over the desert an wonder what all the sand was for. There he'd sit, squirtin grape skins. Once in a while he'd catch somebody prowlin around. When the guy was wheeled up in iron balls, the king would call for a sun dial an say: "Look at what time it is! It's either morning or afternoon—in any case you're late. Come, come, an answer—what, do you defy me!" If the bimbo dared to open his mouth he got beheaded before a wise-crack could start. If it was a hot day an the king had to

squirm around on the stone seat, waitin for an answer, he'd rumble up the desert: "Awayest, thou nit, an whittle up a quarry!"

Don't talk to me about pyramids, no, sir, nor kings neither.

Affectionately sincere,

*Skippy*

WHEN it is rumored that a rival eleven is perfecting a new formation, college coaches promptly scout the idea.



SHE: I s'pose if I marry you you'll be out playing golf most of the time.

HE: No, I won't, darling.

SHE: Well, I hope you won't expect me to stay home and entertain you!

## THE RADIO



"I Said the Blues...."

by  
Agnes  
Smith

THIS is just to let the song-writers know that they are breaking my heart. Isn't there enough unhappiness in the world without having to listen to sad songs every night over the radio? Isn't there anything to write about except devoted sons parted by rude destiny from their mothers down in Dixie, unfaithful girl-friends, dying children and the graves of pals who died in France?

The whole tribe of song-writers seems to be suffering this season from low pressure and an absence of green stuff in the diet. Moreover, they all seem to be the victims of thwarted sex lives. The radio these evenings is just one wail of frustration. Give me the heartier days when they rowed, rowed, rowed up the river and when they could triumphantly shout, "Pa and Ma have left me all alone."

For sheer gruesome tragedy some of these allegedly popular songs haven't been equalled since "And there sits my sister, who murdered me, Binorie, oh, Binorie!" Take this couplet from a ditty called "My Memories of France": "I see her still placing roses, Where many an old pal reposes." Or these cheerful words from an older hit, "My Dream of the Big Parade": "I saw one-legged pals, Coming

home to their gals, In my dream of the Big Parade."

And yet this is the generation that laughs at "Scenes that are brightest" from "Maritana," or "When other lips and other hearts," from "The Bohemian Girl"! But it will stand for "Sonny Boy" ten times an evening over the radio and then telephone in for more. And, at the top of its voice, it is "tired of livin' and feard of dyin'."

If the songs reflect the emotions agitating the heart of the nation, the most terrible current curse is being stuck for the evening without a date. The old bachelor, with his pipe and his glass, who spent a riotous evening seeing the faces of former sweeties in the dancing flames has been supplanted by a young fellow who kicks the plaster off his four walls when his heart stands him up.

Take this holler from "Get Out and Get Under the Moon":

"What d' ya do in the evening  
When you don't know what to do?  
Read a book? play a game?  
Every night is just the same."

The implication is that to be left alone in a room with a strange book is courting madness; and that it is better to dash anywhere out, out into the night, where the worst that you can catch is a cold and a slight case of melancholia.

In this welter of depression, there are three songs coming over the radio that are light in the darkness. They are "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," "Crest of the Wave," and "Ten Little Miles from Town." As for the rest of the crop, I prefer the old songs. At least Ben Bolt knew that Alice was under the sod and not out necking with another fellow.



STRANDED TRANS-OCEANIC FLYER: Thanks awfully, but I can't be saved for eight days—I'm under contract to the Hearst papers.

## WHAT? NO MOA? BANG!

THE Moa is a prehistoric bird, Extinct by now for many years; although a Fossil now and then is found, I've heard "That's all there is—there isn't any Moa!" Roe Fowler.

THE STUFF a lot of speakeasies are selling now is nothing but near-bier.

## The Observation Ward



## DAY SNOOZE PREVENTIVE IN A PULLMAN

KINDA nice country through here isn't it? Yeah kinda flat but the green looks nice don't it? Yeah but tomorrow we'll be in—Junior you wanna keep on eatin' that candy if you wanna make yourself good an' sick—we'll be in Wyoming tomorrow with plenty of hills

but 'twon't be nice an' green like this but we can't have everything in this world can we heheheh—Junior you quit scratching that varnish if you don't want a good slap—but I do like some shape to a country except a straight line don't you, yeah, d'you know you look like a Mrs. Wowch that lives across the street



We illustrate Mrs. Snodweed's enthusiasm. Mrs. S. is on the left.

from my brother's wife's sister in Blahville you're really no relation are you—Snodweed, you say? not one of the



We illustrate the gamut of Junior Bilblatt's emotions throughout two of his quietest consecutive blinks. Connecticut Snodweed? No! My name is Bilblatt we're going to Los Ang—Junior get your feet off my dress get down off the back of that seat wipe off your mouth and go wash your sticky hands and use your hanky—my husband used to have the leading dairy in Blahville but he took on a sideline with his milk delivery and now we spend our winters in Long Beach we were going to drive out again but husband ne'er answers

me when he's driving so I came on the train where I can meet people and use my intellect some—Junior quit settin' on them chocolates they won't be fit to eat get out of my dressing case quit scratchin' them bites an' read somethin' or draw pitchers—I just love to meet people dont you Mrs. Knockneed—Junior! there's the call for lunch run quick an' grab a table or I'll wring your neck see you later Mrs. Sockfeed I do get so ravenous on a train heheheh . . .



There are signs that your reporter has not rested well.



## THE MOVIES

### Enthusiasm Explained

by R. E. Sherwood  
An enormous number of my readers (two, to be exact) have written to ask me why I have been so enthusiastic about the possibilities of the talking movies. "It is not like you to be so kind to anything so obviously awful," is the consensus of opinion.

My replies to these protests are as follows:

1. I believe that talkies will develop (and rapidly) into a medium of expression far more interesting and of far greater scope than the old silent films.

2. I would be in favor of the talkies if only because they have raised such a ruckus in Hollywood, and because all the hams in that celebrated community have

lately been deplored the vocal films and dismissing them as "inartistic."

Anything, in my estimation, that knocks some of the sublime conceit out of Southern California is to be encouraged. (Note: The preceding sentence was inserted merely to stimulate letter writers; you can imagine what an opportunity there will be for correspondents to start off with, "Now I'm going to knock some of the sublime conceit out of *you*.)

### Our Gangsters

THE two world events that have done most for the movies have been the Great War and the Crime Wave. If it hadn't been for these calamities, the scenario writers would have been forced to go on writing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Sergt. O'Malley of the Mounted"

over and over again. (Of course, they're doing that anyway, but not to such a great extent.)

So the Great War and the Crime Wave, inconvenient as they may have seemed at the time, were not fought in vain. They have been responsible for many rough, sturdy, vigorous pictures.

"WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS" and "Me, Gangster" are a pair of recent additions to the large collection of bull-gat-yegg melodramas, and both of them are good.

In "While the City Sleeps," Lon Chaney is called upon to disentangle himself and play straight as an old detective who falls in love with a technically virtuous moll, but finally has to give her up to the gunman whom she really loves. The picture ends with a marvelous battle on the roof-tops, with tear bombs and other instruments of modern warfare. Jack Conway directed this in the best Tod Browning manner.

The hero of "Me, Gangster" is its director, Raoul Walsh, who has adorned the patently moral story with many original and telling touches. Mr. Walsh always manages to charge his productions with an indisputable vitality, but he has had a hard time putting this element of life into "Me, Gangster," which suffers acutely from what our Mr. Benchley once referred to as "fatty regeneration of the heart."

*A Confidential Guide to current movies will be found on page 28.*

### Football Talk of the Future

(*If Traveling Continues to Be Popular*)  
"How's the schedule this season?"

"Plenty tough. We can't hope to go through undefeated."

"You were foolish to add Paris U. this fall. Those birds are good. Did you see what they did to Stockholm last week?"

"Yeah, and they come right after we play Moscow too. It does look bad, but I'm carrying eight full teams this year."

"Too bad the faculty cut out the student trip to London."

"Sure thing; the undergraduates deserve to see their team in action at least once."

"How about All-World men? Gonna have any?"

"I don't think so. We've never gone in for individual stars. Team play is our secret."

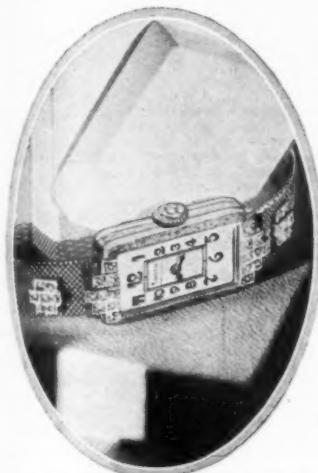
"Well, you're sure working up an international reputation."

"Yeah, we've scheduled the University of Jerusalem for next season. I'll simply have to find a clever Jewish player somewhere."

*W. H. Layne.*



"But, dear, where are we going to put the coal?"



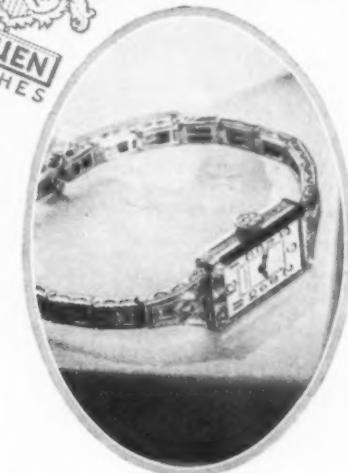
In design 329 the true modern touch lies in the parallel arrangement and new setting of the diamonds, so simple, hence so effective! The repetition of the motif in the smart mesh, making watch and bracelet one unit, is an inspiration. 32 diamonds in all. \$375



Thirty-two diamonds in all, completely encrusting the bezel, but it is the baguette diamond at either end of the dial, in design 330, that holds the key to character. \$475



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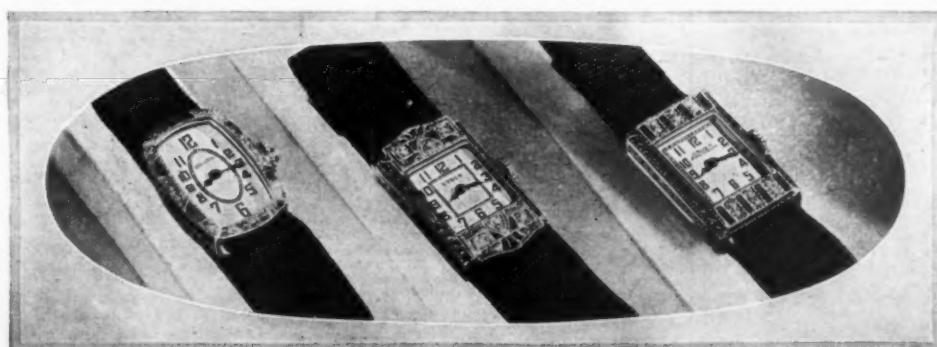
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## CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

### The Theatre

#### More or Less Serious

**The Common Sin, Forrest**—Not the most powerful of Willard Mack's dramas.

**Diamond Lil, Royale**—One of the Mae West cycle dealing with different forms of American Sex. This one a comparatively clean but hardly important melodrama of Old New York.

**Exceeding Small, Comedy**—A little tragedy of tough breaks in the home, with Eric Dressler and Ruth Eason. Reviewed in this issue.

**Faust, Guild**—The Theatre Guild's first foot venture. Just plain dull.

**Gods of the Lightning, Little**—Drama based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case by Maxwell Anderson, with Charles Bickford. To be reviewed next week.

**The Grey Fox, Playhouse**—Reviewed in this issue.

**Jarnegan, Longacre**—Richard Bennett smashing up Hollywood, with only slight resultant damage. One good act.

**Jealousy, Maxine Elliott**—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Kingdom of God, Ethel Barrymore**—The opening of Miss Barrymore's season, November 12th.

**The Light of Asia, Hampden's**—Walter Hampden all dressed up like Buddha. God-awful.

**Machinal, Plymouth**—Events leading up to the tragedy. Simply and, for the most part, very effectively done.

**A Man with Red Hair, Garrick**—A dramatization of the Hugh Walpole story. To be reviewed later.

**Revolt, Vanderbilt**—A play by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, with Elizabeth Allen, Hugh Buckler and others. To be reviewed later.

**Strange Interlude, John Golden**—A great many people consider this Eugene O'Neill's greatest play. It certainly is his longest.

**Sun-Up, Lucille LaVerne**—Miss LaVerne in a revival of her successful rôle.

**These Days, Cort**—To be reviewed later.

**Tin Pan Alley, Biltmore**—With Claudette Colbert, John Wray, Norman Foster and others. To be reviewed later.

**Tonight at Twelve, Hudson**—To be reviewed later.

**The Unknown Warrior, Charles Hopkins**—With Beatrix Thompson, William Morris and Lester Vail. To be reviewed next week.

**The War Song, National**—George Jessel as the private who wasn't so crazy about the War. We happen to like Mr. Jessel in this sort of thing.

### Comedy and Things Like That

**Courage, Riis**—To be reviewed next week.

**Crashing Through, Republic**—With Henrietta Crosman, Eleanor Woodruff, Albert Bruning and others. To be reviewed next week.

**The Front Page, Times Square**—Nip and tuck between comedy and melodrama, having the general effect of a very good time. You don't have to know newspapers or rough talk to like it.

**Gentlemen of the Press, Forty-Eighth St.**—Newspaper stuff of a quieter nature and consequently a little more credible.

**Girl Trouble, Belmont**—With Allan Dinehart, Mary Murray and others. To be reviewed next week.

**The High Road, Fulton**—Some excellent acting by a cast including Edna Best, Herbert Marshall and Frederick Kerr, in a Lonsdale play which grows better as it grows more serious.

**Little Accident, Morosco**—Some very pleasant fun at the expense of an unmarried father with a maternal instinct. Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander head a good cast.

**Mr. Money Penny, Liberty**—Channing Pollock, the author, would probably class this under "More or Less Serious." It is a symbolic and modernistic morality play about how terrible Money is.

**Night Hostess, Martin Beck**—Some good stuff in the midst of a more or less routine night-club play modeled on "Broadway."

**Olympia, Empire**—Reviewed in this issue.

**Paris, Music Box**—A farce like a hundred others, carried along into the good entertainment class by Irene Bordoni and Cole Porter's songs.

**Possession, Henry Miller's**—Margaret Lawrence, Edna Hibbard and Walter Connolly helping a pretty good comedy over the rough spots.

**Relations, Wallack's**—Not much unless you like the sound of Jewish talk.

**Skidding, Bayes**—Quietly ineffective home-comedy. **Straight Thru the Door, Forty-Ninth St.**—William Hodge as William Hodge again.

**These Few Ashes, Booth**—With Wallace Clark, Hugh Sinclair and others. To be reviewed later.

**This Thing Called Love, Bijou**—Some good scenes and some weak scenes in a comedy of love and marriage, with Violet Heming in very good form.

**The Yellow Jacket, Coburn**—The Coburns in a revival of their famous production.

**Young Love, Masque**—With Dorothy Gish, James Rennie, Catherine Willard and Tom Douglas. To be reviewed next week.

### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Americana, Lew Fields**—To be reviewed next week. **Animal Crackers, Forty-Fourth St.**—Die Gebrüder Marx. To be reviewed next week.

**Billie, Erlanger's**—Regular George M. Cohan musical, with Polly Walker, Robinson Newbold and others.

**Black Birds of 1928, Ellinge**—A colored revue which has been a sensation since spring, and rightly so.

**Cross My Heart, Knickerbocker**—Lulu McConnell, Bobby Watson, Mary Lawlor, Don Barclay and others can't make much out of this one. The chorus comes out best.

**Good Boy, Hammerstein's**—Good general entertainment, featuring Eddie Buzzell, Charles Butterworth, Helen Kane and the harmonicas of Borrah Minevitch.

**Good News, Forty-Sixth St.**—Oh, well—this is a very, very successful musical comedy dealing with life in a co-educational institution. Now you know.

**Hello, Yourself, Casino**—Another collegiate musical comedy. To be reviewed later.

**Hold Everything, Broadhurst**—One of the best of the new ones, even though it is about a prize-fight. Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Jack Whiting and Nina Olivette help make it so.

**Just a Minute, Ambassador**—Not what we would call a very good show. The Havel Brothers furnish the comedy.

**Luckee Girl, Sam H. Harris**—About what you would expect from a show named "Luckee Girl." Doris Vinton and Frank Lalor are in it.

**The New Moon, Imperial**—Nice to look at and to listen to. Evelyn Herbert, Gus Shy and Robert Halliday.

**Rain or Shine, Cohan**—Joe Cook still making them scream with laughter at certain points.

**Scandals of 1928, Apollo**—George White, fortified with Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington, doesn't have to worry.

**Show Boat, Ziegfeld**—The prize musical show, with Charles Winniger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Edna May Oliver and Norma Terris. You know all the music by now.

**This Year of Grace, Selwyn**—Noel Coward's revue, with Beatrice Lillie as star. To be reviewed later.

**Three Cheers, Globe**—Will Rogers at his best in a show which needs him. Dorothy Stone representing the Stone family.

**The Three Musketeers, Lyric**—Good, booming operetta, with Dennis King and Lester Allen.

**Ups-a-Daisy, Shubert**—A very satisfactory evening may be had here, with Luella Gear, William Kent, Buster West and Roy Royston.

**Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll**—W. C. Fields carrying most of the abundant (and at times redolent) comedy, assisted by Joe Frisco and Ray Dooley.

**White Lilacs, Jolson**—Something to do with the life of Chopin, done in the Shuberts' most classic style. Guy Robertson, Odette Myrtil and DeWolf Hopper.

### Repertory and Laboratory

**Civic Repertory, Fourteenth Street**—Eva Le Gallienne off on what looks like another successful season. Choice of "The Would-Be Gentleman," "L'Invitation au Voyage," "Cradle Song" and "The Cherry Orchard."

**The Final Balance, Provincetown**—To be reviewed later.

Robert Benchley.

## The Movies

### Recent Developments

**Our Dancing Daughters, Metro-Goldwyn**—Joan Crawford, Anita Page and other eyelets in the jazziest, ginniest, sexiest exposé of the younger generation that has yet been hurled forth. There's just no limit to the cutting-up in this one.

**The Mating Call, Paramount**—The grim mishaps of a maltreated war veteran in a Klan-riden Southern town, with fine work by Thomas Meighan.

**The Battle of the Sexes, United Artists**—Phyllis Haver and Jean Hersholt are superb as a gold-digger and her daddy (respectively) in one of D. W. Griffith's lighter and better productions.

**Four Devils, Fox**—Even though this was directed by the great Murnau, and played by Janet Gaynor, it seemed to me somewhat dull and excessively trite.

**The Fleet's In, Paramount**—Clara Bow shows the boys of Uncle Sam's Navy a good time.

**Excess Baggage, Metro-Goldwyn**—An extremely well-played (by William Haines and others) little romance of small-time vaudeville, with quite a lot of real pathos.

**Mother Knows Best, Fox**—Louise Dresser and Madge Bellamy do excellent work in this interesting picture—but the Movietone apparatus never should have been turned on.

**Docks of New York, Paramount**—Another absorbing aspect of low life, achieved by Josef von Sternberg with lots of help from George Bancroft but with almost no help from the story.

**The Cardboard Lover, Metro-Goldwyn**—Let's see—was it Marion Davies or Greta Garbo who starred in this?

**The Terror, Warner Bros.**—A very spooky melodrama, with all the words and all the screams relayed through the Vitaphone.

**The Camera-Man, Metro-Goldwyn**—Buster Keaton in a comedy that shouldn't be missed.

**Submarine, Columbia**—The best word to apply to this is "gripping"; at times, owing to its realism, it grips a bit too tightly.

**The Air Circus, Fox**—Some nice young people in a charmingly plotless story of the modern youth's enthusiasm for aviation.

**Li'l Time, First National**—"The Big Parade," "Wings," "The Patent Leather Kid" and "The Legion of the Condemned," with Colleen Moore.

**The Singing Fool, Warner Bros.**, **The Patriot, Paramount**, and **The Racket, Paramount**—These are strongly recommended.

R. E. Sherwood.

## Reading Matters

### Non-Fiction

**Bridge Simplified**, by Hereward Carrington. **Copyland**—A book for beginners. An old crap-shooter and penny-matcher himself, we nevertheless admit the worthiness of this attempt to further the spread of the great social evil. The book is simple and understandable; we have it on good authority (Mr. Sidney Lenz's) that it is authoritative. The fact that we have not been converted should not be held against it.

**Trails of the Hunted**, by James L. Clark. **Little, Brown**—A thrilling record of adventure in Asia, Africa, and America. Those of you who have wandered through the mammal halls of the American Museum of Natural History will find it especially interesting.

**The Handwriting on the Wall**, by Arthur D. Little. **Little, Brown**—The man who once made it a silk purse out of a sow's ear—just to show it could be done—writes of the present and future of chemistry in a book as absorbing as fiction to those of an inquiring turn of mind.

### Fiction

**Departure**, by Roland Dorgelès. **Simon & Schuster**—What begins as a leisurely travologue of the Orient mounts to a novel of considerable power and feeling. You will probably like it, too.

**Innocent Bystander**, by Frank Sullivan. **Littauer**—Frank Sullivan (we like to call him the *inimitable* Frank Sullivan) again comes forward with an armful of gentle laughter. It's no joke to be funny for 259 pages, yet Frank Sullivan is just that or we are feeble-minded or vice-versa.

**Mr. and Mrs. Beans**, by Robert L. Dickey. **Stokes**—Dozens and dozens of pictures of the famous Boston bull family already well known to readers of *Life*.

**The Buck in the Snow**, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. **Harpers**—Our poetry expert is away seeing "Animal Crackers" or reading Dorothy Parker, and we are again forced to keep mum on the great poetry question. In the meantime, if you like your tea weak and your poets sad and pallid, read "The Buck in the Snow."

### Recommended

**Our Companions Gold Fish**, by Don Herold. **D'Artagnan**, by H. Bedford-Jones. **Roamin'** in the **Gloamin'**, by Sir Harry Lauder. **Death Near the River**, by Monte Cooper. **Harness**, by A. Hamilton Gibbs.

(Continued on page 30)

## The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang : : By Fontaine Fox



This cartoon is published in an effort to awaken the public to the danger of following the literature and advice of food faddists or fakers when they should depend on a licensed doctor or dietitian for correct diet information. To anyone interested, we shall be glad to mail, without charge, a copy of "Facts About Bread and its Rightful Place in the Diet"—a booklet containing statements by the country's most eminent nutritional authorities. Address Dept. 323, Washburn Crosby Company, millers of Gold Medal Flour, Minneapolis, Minnesota



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There are 5000 workers on the staffs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Laboratories whose sole occupation is to develop constantly improving methods and equipment for the 350,000 employees

of the Bell System to use in serving the public. The results of the efforts are evident, not only in the extension of telephone service across the Atlantic, but in the constantly improving local and long distance service at home.

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### POST MORTEM

BECAUSE Will Rogers once imitated President Coolidge over the radio without announcing that he was aping him, the comic met with strong disapproval in almost every newspaper. Even his own rag, the *New York Times*, spanked him editorially for it, and said: "He should have announced that it was an imitation; many people misunderstood."

When Rogers went on a lecture tour he read some of the scoldings, and offered his radio remarks.

"Can you imagine any reasonably intelligent radio listener," added Rogers, "thinking that

I was Coolidge? Believe me, the next time I go on the air I'll imitate Abraham Lincoln, but before I start I'll certainly say: 'This isn't Lincoln'!"—*New York Graphic*.

### SUBTLE FLATTERY

IN the old home town there was a fellow who made a friend of every kid around simply by addressing him as "Sport."—*Detroit News*.

**SHE (at ball game):** I'll bet we win, and what's more, if I lose I'll pay.

—*New York World*.

House at Pooh Corner, by A. A. Milne. The Queen's Husband, by R. E. Sherwood. The Twilight of the American Mind, by Walter B. Pitkin. Spy and Counter-Spy, by Richard Wilmer Rowan. Destiny Bay, by Donn Byrne. Murder, by Evelyn Johnson and Greta Palmer. Squad, by James B. Wharton. 20 Hrs. 40 Min.—Our Flight in the "Friendship," by Amelia Earhart. Frobisher, by William McFee. The Perfect Ship, by Weston Martyr.

Perry Githens.

## Song and Dance

### Sheet Music

Softly, as in the Morning Sunrise. *Harms*—That this Sigmund Romberg ballad from "The New Moon" is a free—very!—adaptation of the classic Schubert's "Serenade" is by no means a detrimental factor. Romberg has produced a highly tuneful score for the operetta and this, probably the best of the songs, should inspire acquisition of the rest of the selections.

Stolen Melody. *Empire*—Speaking of Tin Pan Alley adaptation, Fred Fisher frankly admits it in the title—as he has in the past with other song hits not quite as pointedly captioned. This number owes its principal strains to several sources. With Fisher's "Dance of the Blue Danube" (a skilful fox-trot improvisation around the immortal Strauss waltz), this song is among the last of the famous tunesmith fashioned in the East. The composer has since trekked for Hollywood, where he will turn out theme songs for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talkers.

Moments With You. *Ager-Yellen-Bornstein*—Lilting waltz ballad of fetching quality.

High Up on a Hilltop. *Feist*—Pollyanna ballad of the "Blue Heaven" school by George Whiting, et al., who co-authored the song hit from which this is patterned. In the Alley, once a hit clicks, writers and publishers endeavor to follow it up with a similar type of song to capitalize the public response anew.

Masquerade. *Harms*—A different type of philosophical ballad; an asset for the home piano.

Why Can't You Care? *Feist*—Dramatic fox-trot ballad of vigorous character and construction.

### Records

Paradise and Grieving. *Victor* 21678—Two exceptionally beautiful waltz ballads, scored in the ultra-modern symphonic jazzique. The first is the theme song of "The Wedding March" played by Waring's Pennsylvanians, and "Grieving," just a common or garden variety of ballad, free of any celluloid entanglements, is rendered by Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra.

Play, Gypsies! Dance, Gypsies! and Amoreuse. *Brunswick* 57012—The Brunswick International Orchestra here couples two of the most delightful light concert pieces. The "Amoreuse" waltz will doubtless provoke the popular ear with its strong reminiscence of "Memories of France," a contemporaneous popular waltz song. Actually, it's vice versa, the Tin Pan Alley effusion being frankly borrowed from Rodolphe Berger's composition. Emmerich Kalman's "Play, Gypsies!" (from "Countess Marita") is equally familiar if not so reminiscent. The strings and the Romany cymbaloms blend beautifully in the Gypsy air, and a violin solo distinguishes the Viennese waltz.

I'm a Reformer and Hallelujah. *Columbia* 1554—Joe Browning from the varieties, who already has recorded this comedy monologue for the Vitaphone, makes possible permanent home consumption by "canning" the patter on the disks. Browning dwells on the blue law blues with humorous seriousness.

Dear Old Southland and Limehouse Blues. *Brunswick* 20070—Red Nichols and His Five Pennies, among the most ultra of ultra-modern dance purveyors, scale new heights with a symphonic syncopation couplet of Creamer and Layton's "Dear Old Southland" and Philip Braham's "Limehouse Blues," the latter from the first André Charlot Revue. It is not a dance record, being orchestrated strictly for light concert purposes, but all ingredients of super-jazz are skilfully woven into an intricate orchestration. There are brilliant piano interludes, torrid syncopations of "Deep River"—the Negro spiritual on which "Dear Old Southland" is founded—impressive brass fanfare, flute-like harmonica, strings, etc., which colorfully interpret a contrasting couplet dealing with plantation and Oriental themes.

Why Do I Love You? and So Dear. *Columbia* 1552—Constance Mering, one-half of the femme piano team in "Ups-A-Daisy" (Muriel Pollock is her partner), offers the "Show Boat" song hit and a popular song in pleasing solo rendition.

Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life and Kiss Me Again. *Okeh* 41116—The Victor Herbert waltzes, probably the most popularly appealing of the late great American composer's works, are skilfully handled by Joe Green and his Marimba Band. The tender beauty of the compositions makes them particularly suited to steel guitar, string and marimba instrumentation, and yet withal it is a good dance couplet.

Abel Green.



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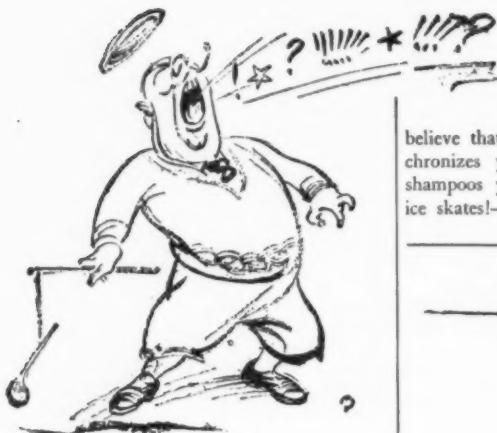
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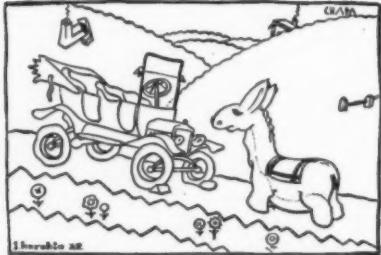
*The Golf Stream.*

—LONDON OPINION.

### A SLOW READER

ALMA SMITH, a dusky belle in "Show Boat," tells of a Negro who wrote his wife a letter very slowly.

"You see," he explained, "she kain't read fast."—*New York Evening World*.



THE BURRO: Well, and what might you be?  
THE SECOND-HAND CAR: An automobile. And you?

THE BURRO: A horse.

—BUEN HUMOR (MADRID).

SHE: Oh, dear, I've got such a nasty cough.  
HE: Over-smoking or under-dressing?

—London Daily Chronicle.

IN Finland they call bootleg liquor *korpikunsten kynneleita*—even before drinking it.  
—*New York Evening Post*.



"Oh, hello! I just met your friend Barbitras and he said to tell you—



"He was counting on you this evening to dine with him at a restaurant, go to a show—



"And have a little fling at Montmartre."  
"Great! I'll go and get dressed now."



"Quite useless, dear. I told him you were staying home to play our game of lotto."  
—L'INTRANSIGENT (PARIS).

### OF ALL THINGS!

GEORGE JESSEL is excited about his new invention, which he calls "The Schmeckaphone." Jesse would have listeners believe that it not only takes your picture, synchronizes your voice, shines your shoes and shampoos your hair, but it also sharpens your ice skates!—*New York Graphic*.

### MODEL YOUNG MEN

"I'm so proud of my boys," said one of the happy mothers of this neighborhood, "and not one of them has ever been arrested except for speeding and on liquor charges."—*Denver News*.

"So you sent your son to college? What is he doing there?"  
"Aging."—*Texas Ranger*.



*The End of the Season*  
*The People Who Decided to Stay One Day More.*

—L'ÉCHO DE PARIS.

### CONVERSATION OVERHEARD ON A BUS

A.: I don't keep nothing to drink in my house.  
B.: A fella can't be drinkin' poison.

A.: I bought two bottles of gin in a drug store and took some of the stuff, and I'd 'a' swore I was goin' blind.

B.: Yeah?

A.: Next morning, to make sure it was the gin affectin' my eyes, I took another drink and my eyes went bad again.

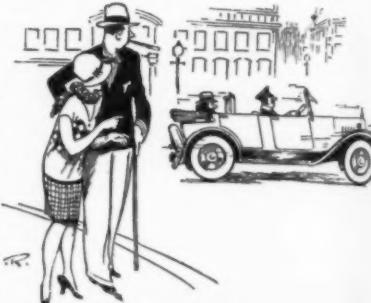
B.: Is that a fact?

A.: That's a fact. I concluded right then that it don't pay to drink no more poison. I had nearly a bottle left, so I gave it to a friend.

—*Ted Cook*, in *New York American*.

SCIENTISTS have discovered that butterflies recognize one another at a distance of six or eight feet. A possible explanation is that butterflies don't owe one another money.

—*Detroit News*.



SHE (loftily): *There goes father.*  
HE (dubiously): *Looks well in his uniform, doesn't he?*

—*TIT-BITS (LONDON)*.

### TWICE WIDOWED, AS IT WERE

"I happen to know that she is merely a glass widow," he retorted.—*Short Story*.

HER husband was detained at the nineteenth hole.

—*Humorist (London)*.

HELL hath no fury like a back seat scorned.—*Ohio State Journal*.

## TRAVELOGUE

It is only a memory, of course...the golden spires of Bangkok streaked with heliotrope in the tropic dusk...tomtoms echoing across the chocolate current of the Menam...barges of cocoanuts, sampans, tall white ships slipping out of nowhere and dropping their hooks to the monotony of Malaysian chants...the green lawn of the Oriental stepping up from the shore through avenues of colored lanterns...scents of jungle growth and tuberoses....And a voice, languid and lovely: "Say, what I hate about these Chink countries is there ain't no place where you can get a good slice of ham."

—Chicago Daily News.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

## TILL MORNING DOTH APPEAR

"You're a married man, old chap; why don't you go home sometimes in the evening?"

"Well, the fact is I hate going back to an empty house."—*Bystander (London)*.

## PERSONAL

Mr. LYLE WOMACK, who is accompanying Byrd to the South Pole, has a wife named Ruth Elder.

—*Detroit News*.



"I wonder what your mother will say when she hears we're engaged."

"She'll be delighted—as usual."

—*DER WAHRE JACOB (BERLIN)*.

ANOTHER evidence that wealth is not all is a millionaire looking for a parking place.

—*Ohio State Journal*.

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SO many people think they are secure when teeth are gleaming white. But too often they surrender to a disease of neglect—Pyorrhea.

Lurking behind clean teeth is this marauder that takes high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger. It ignores the teeth and attacks the gums.

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Morning and night, every day, use Forhan's for the Gums. Massage your gums daily with this dentifrice, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Then you provide the protection teeth and gums must have. At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c. Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York.



## Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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WHENEVER you observe this noble beast Doped, hamstrung, poisoned, stabbed, well-nigh done in (Locked in a burning stable at the least), You bet your bottom dollar—it will win.

—*London Calling*.

## SEPARATION IN THE HOME

"LISTEN, Mazie, my husband sits around the house and won't talk to me."

"He has probably deserted you, but can't afford to live any place else just now."

—*Harry Hershfield, New York Evening Journal*.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamp. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## FINESSE IN REPARTEE

DISGRUNTLED PATRON (emerging from cinema): I've never seen a rotteness picture!

COMMISSIONNAIRE: Ever 'ad yer photo took? —*Punch*.

"While your partner is dealing the cards, you should be snuffing."—*Daily Paper*.

IF, that is, you can't take your losses like a man. —*Humorist (London)*.

*The Saratoga Flair* \$5.00

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## A bright future is assured

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The flashlight habit will start you putting the right foot forward at the right time in the right place. Leave somersaults and flying splits to acrobats. What you want is an Eveready Flashlight and SAFETY. Just to make sure your flashlight is the help it ought to be, load it with Eveready Batteries. So much long-lasting light never travels under any other name. That's it—Eveready Batteries. Remember "Eveready" when you reload your flashlight.

ROMANCE IN THE COMIC STRIPS  
FROM her to him flew Cupid's darts,  
Love at first sight's eternal sign;  
He looked at her, and little hearts  
Appeared along the dotted line.

As yet no word had either said,  
But as they met beside the park,  
There shone above his smitten head  
A huge interrogation mark.

He took her for a little walk  
And sought for tender words to speak,  
But all that he could say was "Awk!"  
And all that she could answer: "Eek!"

He purchased her a chiffon scarf,  
He also hinted at a ring;  
The maiden coyly murmured: "Arf!"  
To which the youth responded: "Zing!"  
\* \* \*  
Then wedding bells, with joyful "Klang!"  
Proclaimed the sealing of a vow,  
And, hand in hand, the sweethearts sang  
Their nuptial hymn of "Bam!" and "Pow!"  
—From "Listen to the Mocking Bird," by  
Stoddard King (Doubleday, Doran).

SIGN near Allenburg, Ontario: "DANGER!  
HOT DOGS AHEAD."—Buffalo News.

## Mr. McNamee Broadcasts the Election Returns

"THE RETURNS are beginning to come in now and they're effective! Oh, they're very effective!... Here's the first one. ... It's coming in right now!... It's a fine one!... I wish you could see it!... It looks like Hoover.... No, it's Al!... Three precincts in Maine give Al Hoover two hundred, and Herb Smith two-sixty! ... It's the first precinct and Smoover is ahead!... Here's another!... It's a bigger one!... Oh, it's a beauty!... Thirty-seven precincts in Pennsa—no, wait a minute.... Maybe it's Indiana.... well, anyway, they give Smivver two-eight-nine-three and Hith three-six-four-one!... They're coming in fast, now!... What's that, Phil?... Ha-ha-ha!... You tell 'em that one later!... Here's one from Detroit!... The first returns we've had from Texas tonight! ... It's for Bert!... It's Bert's!... Here it is: twenty-two incomplete precincts in North—no, South Dakota—I mean Carolina, give Hivver thirty-twenty-seven and Smooth thirty-nine-sixty!... No, change that, please!... Everybody's so excited around here, and I want to tell you *this* is an election, folks!... This is a *real* national election!... That last return should have been four thousand for Al and thirty-nine-forty for Al!... And so far it looks like Al's fight!... Unless Smith shows up better than he has so far, he hasn't a chance!... Here's another one!... Gee!... This fellow Herbert Smith is a fighter, folks, a regular two-fisted candidate!... Sixteen precincts in Connichigan give three hundred for Smerbert and three-hundred-two for Smither!... And now, folks, I'm going to turn you over to Phil for a few minutes.... It's mighty exciting here!... This is a great election!... I want to tell you it's a real fight.... and both candidates have done their best.... and I'll be with you again as soon as I get my breath."

*Chet Johnson.*

LUCREZIA BORGIA was entertaining a few male friends. As they lined up before the improvised bar she cried merrily: "Name your poisons, gents!"

LIFE expects to publish its usual DOG CALENDAR this year, at the usual price of one dollar a copy, to be ready about the middle of November. When preparing your holiday list, don't forget the DOG CALENDAR; it always makes such an acceptable gift!

Orders entered now will be filled on publication.

# Look out for Sore Throat



## To escape a cold

use Listerine this way:

You can materially lessen the risk of catching colds by rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, the way physicians do. The reason for this is obvious:

Listerine attacks the germs of cold on the hands, thus rendering them harmless when they enter the mouth on food which hands have carried.

Isn't this quick precaution worth taking?

—check it with  
**LISTERINE**  
—so powerful  
against germs

AFTER one of those late-season football games when the weather is bad, up come the medical reports with their unhappy sequels.

Raw, rasping throats... head colds... chest colds... grippe... "flu".

Yet many of the less serious cases might have been prevented by the prompt use of Listerine, full strength.

Because full strength Listerine is powerful against germs. And most cold weather complaints are caused by germs.

It may interest you to know that full strength Listerine kills even the B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ in 15 seconds. There is power indeed! Yet Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity.

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# ECHOES of FRAGRANCE



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THE VOICE OF AMERICA  
TO MR. ELMER DAVIS,  
NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR:

I do not believe I have ever read anything so pitiful as your attempts at editorial writing. They are even too pitiful to be amusing. If there was the slightest bit of humor in them we folks out here in the "Sticks" might understand the reason for them being printed for we have "been told" that LIFE is a humorous magazine. And I will agree that it is humorous if your attempts are supposed to be taken seriously.

The puzzling feature is this; Do you imagine for one second that any real honest-to-God people (which excludes all individuals of your type) pays the slightest bit of attention to or permits their minds to be influenced in the least by all that bunk you have been attempting to put across. When will you learn that decent, clean thinking and living people will not tolerate for a minute the trash you write. The conceit of you New Yorkers is unbelievable.

With all your wisdom, the brand which we hear Al Smith put out over the radio, you have yet to learn that the Protestants of this country do not intend to permit Catholics of your breed and "culture", with the aid of Tammany, to hand this country over to the Pope. You can rave all you want to about religious intolerance; the more you rave the more we laugh and the more votes you make for Hoover. You Catholics started this intolerance years and years ago. We Protestants have been more or less dormant until you try to force on us, as President of our Country, an uncouth, ignorant agent of the Pope and Tammany hireling and expect us to sit back and let you get away with it. How ignorant you are of the sentiment and thoughts of we folks "out in the sticks". Catholics of your brand are a menace to this country and society and we hope after the results are printed Nov. 7th., you will realize for once and for all that no damn Pope will rule America.

Answer this in one of your columns of bunk. And to think you get paid for that stuff. It is printed in New York which accounts for it. Who ever heard on one decent thought coming from the minds of you East Side Micks.

JOHN C. WILLIAMS.

UNIVERSITY CLUB,  
HARRISBURG, PA.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Elmer Davis, LIFE's editorial writer, was born in Aurora, Indiana, and was educated at Franklin College, in his native state, and later at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. He started out as a teacher in the Aurora High School, and subsequently became a reporter on the staff of the New York Times. He is a Mason and a Baptist.*)

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## OF ALL SAD WORDS

THE SENATOR from the West sat in the lobby of a New York hotel admiring the scenery. Finally two of the component parts of the vivid landscape moved in his direction and stopped directly in front of him.

"Good evening," said one of the girls; "you look lonesome."

"I am," replied the Senator.

"Well, forget it. Come along with us and we'll show you a good time."

The Senator sighed. "I can't do it," he said. "It's too late."

"Aw," replied the girl, "it ain't late. It's only nine o'clock."

"But I didn't mean that," retorted the statesman. "I meant twenty years."

—Collier's

## RHYMED REVIEWS

## Giant Killer

By Elmer Davis. The John Day Company

KING DAVID, rightly understood,  
Was deep in guile, says Elmer Davis,  
But as a soldier, not so good,  
Though as a bard, a *rara avis*.

Goliath tripped and bumped his head  
And died, astoundingly compliant;  
So David took his scalp and said,  
"Twas I that killed the lousy giant!"

And after that, whatever kind  
Of danger seemed about to floor him,  
This redhaired fraud would always find  
Some dupe to slay his giants for him.

Thus, Joab led the martial throngs  
That trod his foes beneath their bro-  
gans,  
While David merely gave them songs  
And High Ideals and ringing slogans.

His love for Jonathan and Saul,  
His care for those that bore the battle,  
His rugged chivalry, were all  
But so much propagandist prattle.

A selfish, heartless, faithless knave  
And double-dealing politician  
Who always took but never gave,  
He had no laudable ambition.

A blood-bespattered throne he won  
And left it, not the least bit cleaner,  
To Solomon, the worthy son  
Of such a father, even meeker.

This well-wrought tale of song and  
prayer,  
Of clansmen rude and combats messy,  
Of hates and loves, is less than fair  
To valiant David, son of Jesse.

Arthur Guiterman.

## HOWLERS IN HISTORY

In anticipation of another year's crop of student "howlers," or queer answers written to college examination questions, a regular file for them is planned in the history department of the college of liberal arts at Boston University. Here are a few collected for the file from last year's quizzes:

What countries are on the other side of the Jordan? That depends upon which side of the Jordan you are.

Enumerate three kinds of Romans. No. 1, No. 2, No. 3.

What was the result of the first crusade? Many Turks were killed, but that was not permanent.

What was the chief clause in the Magna Charta? No free man should be put to death or imprisoned without his own consent.

Students also stated that: "The sugar act was very distasteful," "Rome fell because she was founded upon the declining Greek power and learning," "The book of common prayer is a religious missile of the established church."

—New York Sun.



*A Barber's Massage  
or 10 seconds at Home  
.. the effect is the same*

HERE'S a new easy way to get that million dollar look and feel to your face—the kind you get when an expert barber massages you! Only this way it takes but 10 seconds—and you do it yourself.

No need of spending a half hour in a barber's chair now to chase away that "morning-after" look and the tired sleep-famished lines in your face. All you have to do is to pat a few drops of Fougere Royale Lotion on your face after shaving. The effect is instant—and amazing!

Your face feels made over—cool, clean, refreshed. You look—and feel—wide awake. Years younger. For it brings good red color to your face. Peps up sagging

muscles, pouchy fat and puts the look of an athlete on you.

And it's great the way it soothes and smooths your skin. Corrects small wrinkles, cleans the pores and keeps you fresh looking for hours. Also it's styptic (stops bleeding—heals nicks, etc.). Great for the office too—freshens you up.

Try it—and with Fougere Royale Shaving Cream—the non-caustic, non-irritating, perfectly balanced shaving cream that eliminates all smarting and after-shaving burns. Gives you the most wonderful shave you ever had. Both are mildly perfumed with Fougere Royale (Royal Fern)—a pleasing, wholesome fragrance that suggests the great outdoors. A generous sample of each if you mail the coupon below.

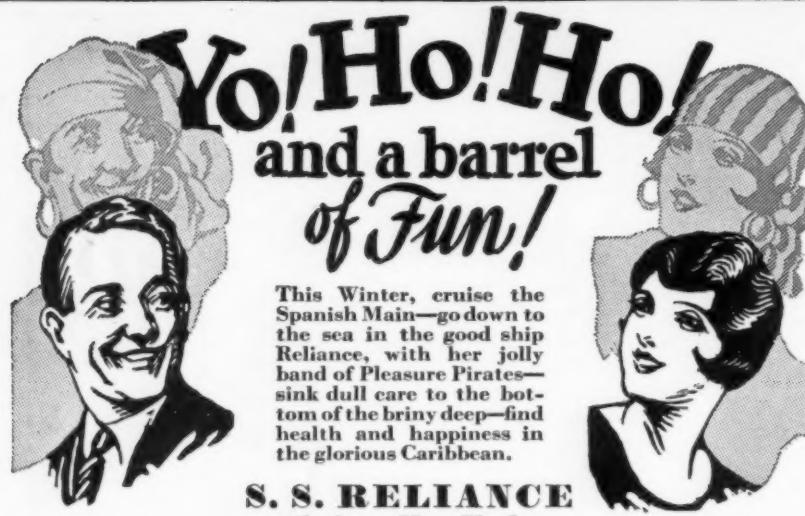
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# Yo! Ho! Ho! and a barrel of Fun!

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THE reason why England is a land of pipe-smokers is no mystery to the man who has once tried CRAVEN MIXTURE—the discriminating Britisher's favorite tobacco. Costs a little more than the domestic brands—but the first pipeful will make you glad you paid the difference.

CRAVEN MIXTURE—a truly fine imported tobacco, first blended at the command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867—can now be had at the better tobacconists in the United States and Canada, too. For a liberal sample tin, send 10c in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., Dept. 30, 220 Fifth Ave., New York.



**Craven**  
MIXTURE  
Imported from London

## Unsold Tales

(*Found in the Notebook of an Author Who Starved to Death*)

"DADDY-COLONEL," whispered Nellie-Lou, and her voice was sweet as Kentucky honeysuckle, "we'll meet the mortgage. We all still have Gay Boy."

Gay Boy, with his satin coat, his iron heart, his proud arching neck—Gay Boy whose flying hooves were the hope of the last of the Kentucky Calverts. Yes, they all still had Gay Boy, and the Derby was but two weeks away.

Little Clem, seventy-two pounds of loyalty to the Calverts, would ride the great horse. Little did it matter to Clem that Colonel Calvert was penniless. "Sub," said the boy, and a tear glistened on his tanned cheek, "Ah'll ride foh Miss Nellie and the honah of the Calvert stables till mah las' Great Ride is ovah!"

It is the morning of the race, but where is Clem? Frantically Nellie-Lou calls his name through the echoing stables. Look, what is that still form crumpled in a corner of Gay Boy's stall?

"Clem!" Nellie-Lou's voice is frenzied. "It's Miss Nellie speakin' to you-all, honey!" But Clem does not answer. A powerful drug has done its work. He will not ride today.

Now Nellie-Lou is every inch a Southern woman, fighting for her home, for that stern old gentleman who is her beloved Daddy-Colonel. In a moment she has slipped Clem's silks, the proud Calvert purple with red hoops, from his inert form. Nellie-Lou Calvert will ride Gay Boy today!

But stay—her startled gaze falls on the size-number sewn inside of the blouse—"14." Sadly Nellie drops the silks and goes in to tell Daddy-Colonel that the old homestead will have to go. For Nellie Lou Calvert is a full 18.

\* \* \*

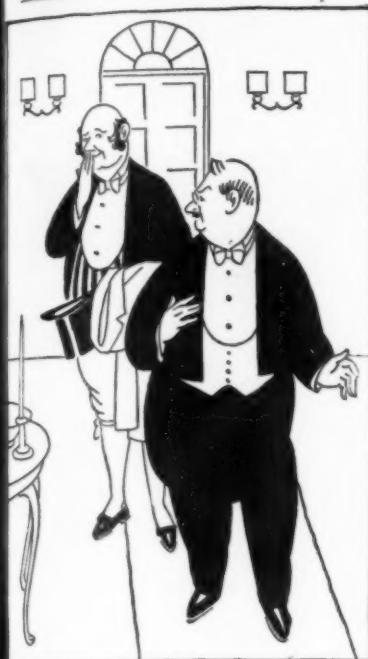
"It is ridiculous," said Charis de la Marr, "to have that girl understudying me. She's a rank amateur. She's a bad actress. She's a little fool!"

Tears stung Daphne Lane's blue eyes. Miss de la Marr was so unkind! But some day her chance would come. Some day she would play *Molly Grogan*.

The lobby of the glittering Morris Theater was crowded with richly dressed women, men in the somber black and white of formal dress. "*The Heart of Molly Grogan*" was an established success, entering the sixth week of its Broadway run.

In the wings little Daphne Lane trembled with fear, yet her heart was singing. In ten minutes the curtain would rise, and Charis de la Marr had not yet arrived. Would Fate give to this child the rôle of *Molly Grogan*?

In an electric elevator, stalled between floors of her luxurious apartment house, Charis de la Marr beat on the iron bars,



## EVEN THE BUTLER SMILED

PEOPLE either smile or frown upon the man who openly exposes an ignorance of form. Particularly when the error happens to glare from so conspicuous a location as the vest or bosom! Yet this is exactly the case when studs and vest buttons do not match in style and design. The correct form—and the only form—is matched studs, vest buttons and links.

Another of Convention's mandates decrees that, when dressed in tuxedo, only black enamel or dark mother-of-pearl jewelry is permissible; for full dress, only white mother-of-pearl.

Correctness is carried out to the letter in Krementz Evening Jewelry. It is sold in full sets of matched studs, vest buttons and links to avoid all possibility of breaching form. And Krementz designs, styles and quality are ever in keeping with the spirit of formal occasions. See Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry at your dealer's.

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CORRECT EVENING  
JEWELRY FOR MEN

raging like an imprisoned tigress. Still no help came.

Thus it was that unknown Daphne Lane played *Molly Grogan* that night, and eighteen hundred and forty people asked for and received their money back at the box-office.

\* \* \*

GORSE made the hedges golden. The little village of Clump-on-Stires slumbered in the drowsy peace of an English summer. Peace! At that moment the peace of the world was being trampled under the heels of armies, and in the heart of Ivy Churchill fierce conflict raged. Guy, her Guy, with his honest English eyes, was going to war. They were to have been married at Michaelmas. By Michaelmas Guy might be dead, cheated of his happiness.

"Darling," she spoke very low, but the courage of ten centuries of sturdy warrior Churchills was in her voice, "we have only these few hours until dawn. I cannot send you away unhappy."

It is December, 1918. The village church is crowded. The country folk are beaming at the sight of the bridal couple, Miss Ivy Churchill, so bonny, and Master Guy Watts, come back from the war, a fine young sojer and no mistake. They walk down the aisle under an arch of swords, a radiant Ivy, a joyous but grimmer Guy, with hair grayed a little at the temples.

The country folk beamed again in January, 1922, when a rosy infant was christened in the little church Guy George Palmerston Churchill Watts.

\* \* \*

"STEADY up, old boy," Sergeant Michael O'Mara said to himself as he stumbled and nearly fell. "It's a long chase we're after havin'. But keep up heart, me bucko."

It had been a long chase, a long, grim chase through the frozen wilderness of the Far North. On, by dog team, on snowshoes, till Michael O'Mara's sturdy frame faltered, till his eyes ached and his heart was heavy. Somewhere in the vastness ahead lurked Joe Le Blanc, the murderer, the wolf-man of Grand Lac. Eight months O'Mara of the Mounted had pursued, determined to get his man.

He was near now, following blood-stained prints in the whiteness. Suddenly the trail swerved, straight to the edge of a precipice and down. "Bedad," said Michael O'Mara, "this lad's more monkey than man!"

A perilous descent it was, nothing to hold to, and a sheer drop below.

"T'ell wid him," said Sergeant O'Mara, and turned towards home.

Mary C. McCall, Jr.

THE American Automobile Association is considering the regulation of roadside barbecues. The hot dog must be biting the hand that feeds it.



## that first smoke in the morning

IS THAT first smoke ever something of an experiment? It shouldn't be—not if your mouth is healthy and free from that woolly, tepid taste.

Before that first smoke, tone up your mouth with Squibb's Dental Cream. It neutralizes acids and soothes the gums. Above all, it leaves tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia in your mouth that help to keep your smoking taste lively and pleasant.

Use Squibb's in the evening, too, after smoking. The fresh cleanliness of your mouth the next morning will delight you.

Guard The  
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The above statement is true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women.  
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## The Crime Fans' Platform

We, the readers of detective stories, and the habitual playgoers at crook and mystery shows, being assembled in national convention, publish this as our unchanging platform for all time.

We point with pride to the achievements of Edgar Allan Poe and Wilkie Collins.

We view with alarm the outrageous extravagance which marks the conduct of authors and playwrights in importing venomous spiders from Malacca, hideous centipedes from Senegambia, or Gila monsters from somewhere or other, for the purpose of sicking them on commonplace persons who are to be murdered. Such persons can be murdered with exactly as much finality by bashing them over the head with a baseball bat, or slitting their weasands with a bread knife.

We demand the total abolition of the gloomy old family mansion, in whose cobwebbed rooms dwells the last of the Updegraffs or the Van Peysters, attended by one tottering old servant.

We are opposed to tottering old servants, anyhow.

We pledge ourselves, if our platform is accepted, to work against the custom of introducing into novels some insidious Oriental who is plotting the destruction of the White Race. Since the schemes of the Orientals always begin with the murder of a grocer in London or the kidnapping of an assistant Chief of the Bureau of Entomology in Washington; since they usually overcome their victims by means of the deadly fragrance of the Koo-koo flower; and since they are always baffled in the end, we denounce the practice as a foolish waste of the taxpayers' money.

When the detective and his friend enter the suspected house, and when four revolver shots and two hollow groans ring out from an upper room, when a headless corpse comes rolling down the staircase, when a skeleton arm snatches at the detective from behind a curtain, and when the telephone, on being picked up by the detective's friend, blows up with a bang, emitting a noxious vapor, then the detective's friend shall not say, in a low, tense voice:

"Higgins, there is something sinister about this house."

We promise to use our utmost endeavors to suppress:

a) Comic servants whose only purpose in life is to screech.

b) Tree branches which scrape against window-panes.

c) Convicts who escape from prison, or homicidal maniacs who break away from asylums on the night the crime is committed, and have no object except to mess up the plot.

We pledge ourselves that the law shall visit a painful and lingering punishment upon the next dramatist to employ a claw-like hand which reaches in from some-

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— if —



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Silver plate in leathered container \$15.

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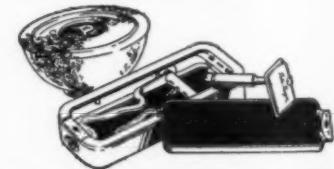
Nickel plate in cardboard container \$10.  
We recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap for a superior shave. Packed in hygienic indestructible bowl \$1.50.

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where and grabs at the heroine while she is trying to go to sleep, or at the assistant detective when he approaches the bookcase, or at the Negro servant as he is bringing in a tray of cocktails.

We shall set our faces against the following reprehensible customs:

1. To allow the hero to walk alone and unarmed into a den of crooks, and there promptly get beaned, and put out altogether for six hours.

2. Having done this, to allow him to wake up and discover a beautiful girl, "bending over him."

3. To allow harmless people, who

have nothing to do with the plot, such as gas-inspectors or telephone repair-men, to come rushing into the room, wild-eyed and tousled-headed, so as to frighten the audience into thinking that the mysterious murderer is here at last.

We further submit that it is not decent behavior on the part of any author to ask us to believe in a family consisting of three timid women and an invalid grandfather who continue to dwell in a lonely house infested by murderers, haunted by spooks, and ravaged by smugglers or counterfeiters. Either they would go, or else they are blithering idiots and we don't wish to read about them.

We suggest to the amateur detective in novels that he keep a watch over the murderer for the first ten minutes after the arrest, while he (the detective) is proudly explaining how he solved the problem. For it is in these ten minutes that  $99\frac{44}{100}$  of the captured murderers suddenly draw a small vial from their pockets, clap it to their lips, and curl up and die on the hearth-rug.

We take this occasion to remind all writers of fiction that what is probably the best detective novel ever written ("The Moonstone") dealt with the theft or disappearance of a single object; that one of the best feats of psychological sleuthing was about the theft of a letter ("The Purloined Letter"), and that one of the best of modern detective stories ("The Red-Headed League") had no more grievous crime in it than an attempt at bank robbery. To overstock your novel or clutter up your stage with seven or eight murders, and to add ghosts, lunatics, poisonous serpents, gangs of hijackers and skeleton arms, only proves poverty of imagination, and gives your readers literary indigestion.

And finally, when the criminal is at last run down and arrested, we desire to record our absolute disapproval of giving him any such farewell speech as this:

"Yes, I killed Hiram J. Haskins. I admit it. So would you have killed him if you had known him as I did. You couldn't have realized what he had been, nor all that he had done. Twenty years ago he turned my sister and her infant child out to perish in a snowstorm in the Ozarks. He tricked my only brother into the commission of a fraud and had him sent to Sing Sing for life. He stole from me my only love, little Lucille Larkspur, broke her heart and drove her to suicide. And now he was blackmailing me, and threatening me with disgrace. Yes, I killed him, as I would kill any damned rat."

If all this is true about the late Mr. Haskins, then killing him was no murder, but a meritorious deed, and what is to recompense us for the \$2.50 we have spent and the time we lavished, in the belief that we were pursuing a dangerous criminal?

Edmund Pearson.



Social Hall—S.S. LEVIATHAN

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THERE are six famous ships that cross the Atlantic Ocean, flying the American flag. Regularly during the summer and winter, spring and fall, according to their sailing schedule, they clear New York Harbor and head for European ports—Cobh (Queenstown) in Ireland, Plymouth or Southampton in England, Cherbourg in France, Bremen in Germany, depending on each ship's route. Somewhere on the North Atlantic, between Sandy Hook and the English Channel, there is always one of them.

They are the first class liner, S. S. Leviathan, the largest ship in the world; and the five cabin ships—always in de-



mand—S. S. George Washington, S. S. America, S. S. Republic, S. S. President Harding, and S. S. President Roosevelt. It is the business of these American ships to carry passengers to Europe and back safely, with the maximum comfort and the minimum delay. They do this in a manner that has won them the good will of travelers and the respect of maritime experts.

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"A Kermath Always Runs"

# CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

AND so, of course, is the Christmas Number of LIFE. This extra big issue already includes pages in color by Russell Patterson and Fred Cooper. The latter, being the first Colored Cuckoo-Cooper, is bound to be a valuable item for collectors of Coopernuts. The center spread, also in color, is one of the best things Percy Crosby ever did. The Christmas cover is a gorgeous oil painting by Harry Morse Meyers.

AMONG the other good things are verses illustrated by John La Gatta, a wonderful Christmas page by Gluyas Williams, features by Charles Dana Gibson, Robert Benchley, Elmer Davis, Henry Suydam, Walter Winchell, John Kieran, Baird Leonard, E. S. Martin, Agnes Smith, Robert Sherwood; a special Skippy letter by Percy Crosby — but why go on? You readers of LIFE know what a Christmas Number is like! If you don't, here's your chance.

### Here Are the Facts!

THE news-stand price of LIFE is 15 cents; the Christmas Number sells for 25 cents. The coupon gives you 10 issues of LIFE, including the Christmas Number, for a dollar: you save 60 cents — and 60 cents around Christmas time is a lot of money! Obey that impulse!

CUT HERE

Mail to LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York

*Send me 10 issues of  
LIFE for this dollar.*

name .....

and .....

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## "People Don't Really Appreciate Her"

HE: I certainly admire her. I think she has a wonderful character, don't you?

SHE: My dear, I think she's a perfect darling! I mean I simply *adore* her, do you know what I mean?

HE: I'm awfully glad you like her so much because I think she's a swell girl!

SHE: Well, I'm certainly glad to hear you say so, my dear, because it *shows* you've got good taste. I mean loads of people don't really appreciate her at *all*!

HE: Don't they? I thought she was pretty popular.

SHE: Well, I think she has an awfully good *time* and all, my dear, but I *wish* she knew *nicer men*, do you know what I mean?

HE: Really? I thought most of her men friends were pretty good eggs.

SHE: Well, I can't understand it but she has loads of men friends that mother would *actually* never allow me to be *seen* with!

HE: Is that so?

SHE: Well, I wouldn't want to say anything *about* it, my dear, but she seems to encourage all these *lowlifes* and what she sees in men of that *type* is simply beyond me because I think they're absolutely poisonous, do you know what I mean?

HE: It's certainly too bad she hasn't more discrimination.

SHE: That's exactly *it*, my dear. I mean it makes me simply livid because of course people *misjudge* her when they see her rearing around with all these septic snuggle-pups.

HE: That's too darn bad!

SHE: Isn't it, though? Gosh, I think it's the *limit* because I mean the *result* is she's got the rep for being awfully *swift* because I mean men of that *type* are just after *one thing*, do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, you bet!

SHE: But I honestly don't believe she realizes the *consequences* of letting men like that take her *out* and everything, my dear, because I mean she's the most *naive* soul in the *world* only the whole trouble is I *wish* she *wouldn't* go barging round with the foul bimbos she *does*, my dear, because I mean the *result* is she hasn't *any* decent *men friends* and I mean I *HONESTLY* feel perfectly *TERRIBLY* about it, my dear, because I mean I *SIMPLY* *ADORE* her and all!—I mean I *ACTUALLY* *DO*!

Lloyd Mayer.

## MOVIE MOTHER GOOSE

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe  
And had too many children; but she knew what to do.  
In spite of their numbers, she didn't give a hang,  
For she got them all jobs with the Hal Roach gang.

Walter J. Adams.

## Fishermen's Wharf beside the Golden Gate



# Always you'll remember San Francisco—

"There is a diabolical mystery to San Francisco", Enrico Caruso once exclaimed, "this city of such excellent cafes!"

To those who can look unmoved upon fairways green and radiant all winter; to those who can saunter without interest the streets of what O. Henry called "the Bagdad of the West"; to those who find no accuracy in Charles Dana Gibson's description, "a bit of Hongkong and Canton caught in a western frame"; to those who, gazing from San Francisco's windows, can behold nothing of Sicily in its blue Bay and nothing of Rome in its hills; to such as these, set stranded and forlorn in a city that has kindled even Mencken, there still remain—

The cafes!

In rotisseries conducted by Frenchmen of uncanny art, and supremely supervised by incomparable head-waiters; in Italian nooks and eyries

devoted to *tortellini* and *risotto a la Milanese*; in restaurants Chinese, Russian, Hungarian, Mexican, and Californian, San Francisco can still be discovered as one of the most interesting cities in an otherwise standardized land.

This, the next world metropolis on the international highway, is the ideal base for a tour of California including Yosemite (now easily accessible in winter), the gay Monterey Bay region, and the age-old, evergreen Redwood Empire. This is also the ideal base for a tour of the entire Pacific Coast, of Hawaii, or of the Orient.

All round-trip railroad and steamship tickets, routed via San Francisco, grant a ten days' stopover. Come this winter! No snow, no sleet. Bring your golf clubs, for the fairways are everywhere green. The city may also disclose important business opportunity for you.

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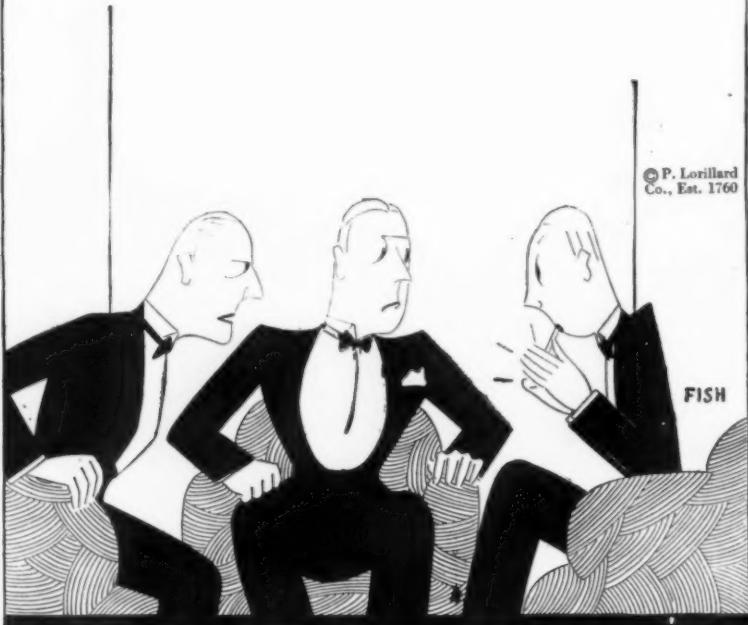
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## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you've  
said the wrong thing at the wrong  
place to the wrong people . . .  
be nonchalant . . . Light a Murad.



## The "Singies"

No moving picture is complete, these days, without a special key song to accompany it. "The Big Parade" gave us "Charmaine"; "Seventh Heaven" produced "Diane"; "Lilac Time" introduced to us "Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time"; and "Ramona"—well, we don't even have to tell you.

If the song-writing industry is to be linked definitely with the movies, we might as well look around for a new name to apply to those sentimental ballads which in the future will inevitably accompany the unrelenting of our screen romances. I suggest the title: "Singies." At the same time, I should like to suggest some new "hook-ups" between songs and cinemas: hook-ups which I feel have been neglected by the busy lyricists in the excitement of the moment.

"The Man Who Laughs"—"Some Day He'll Come Along, the Man Who

Laughs; And He'll Be Big and Strong, the Man Who Laughs."

"Rain"—"Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella."

"Beggars of Life"—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

"Our Dancing Daughters"—"That's My Weakness Now."

"The Wedding March"—"The Wedding March."

"The Perfect Crime"—"Valencia." N. R. J.

SIGN in a shoe-shining establishment owned and operated by a retired soldier of the 10th U. S. Cavalry (colored), at Nogales, Arizona:

"PEDAL INTEGUMENTS ARTISTICALLY ENBELLISHED AND BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED FOR THE SLIGHT COMPENSATION OF FIFTEEN CENTS PER OPERATION. OUR STANDARD WARANTY GUARANTEES OUR PATRONS THE ULTIMATE IN SATISFACTION."

## LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-one years. In that time it has expended \$419,278.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 51,000 poor city children. Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded city streets. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$39,693.76
George H. Leigh, New York.....	5.00
Camp Po-ne-mah Sunday Service Collection of camp girls, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Allen, to be used toward permanent cabin.....	64.00
Brunswick-Kroeschell Co., New Brunswick, N. J.....	50.00
	\$39,812.76

## ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

LIFE acknowledges with thanks the receipt at its Camps of the following donations:

Holyoke Heater Co., Holyoke, Mass., kerosene hot water heater; Irving Kresh, Brooklyn, N. Y., bugle and pup tent; Patterson Bros., New York City, tools; James Hildebrandt, Chester, N. J., 2 loads of sawdust for jumping pit; L. E. Stemmle, Queens Village, L. I., bows and arrows; Mrs. F. E. Lewis, Ridgefield, Conn., 40 tennis balls; A. Albrecht, Glendale, L. I., 30 paper pads for crafts; Mrs. Paul Zuhle, Peapack, N. J., 2 electric irons, bed table, blankets, clothing, books, etc.; M. Hohner, Inc., New York, 12 dozen harmonicas to each camp; Hamacher, Schlemmer & Co., New York, boxes of tools; Colgate & Co., Jersey City, supply of toothpaste for each camp; R. C. Williams & Co., New York, 4 cases canned goods; Henry Disston & Son, boxes of tools; Aeolian Company, New York, piano; Frank Stolpe, No. Stonington, Conn., note paper and toys; Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., 5 Kodak Cinégraphs; about 100 Victrola records, left at LIFE Office by a friend.

## Life's Little Ironies

THERE it goes. It never fails. Every time I'm home alone and start to take a bath, the telephone rings. The timing is perfect. It won't ring when I'm just stepping into the tub. It must wait until I'm completely wet or completely soaped. What causes that? Can it be something psychic or mental telepathy or what have you? Shall I answer it? The very idea of climbing out of this tub, putting on a bathrobe and dripping water all the way from here to the phone—is repugnant. To say nothing of catching cold. A man has his health to consider. Let it ring. Probably nothing important anyhow. Of course it's not important. I wish they'd stop ringing. How can I enjoy my bath with all this disturbance? The bath is a sacred institution. Look at the Romans and the English. Could that be Gus? He said he'd call me up when he got that fifteen bucks he owes me. Naturally I don't believe him. Imagine Gus calling you up and offering to pay the money he owes you! Not a chance. Still—a miracle might happen. That phone is getting me down. Shall I? No. Well—oh, gosh, here goes. I'll probably slip and fracture my skull..... "Hello. No! No—you—you—poor idiot! This is not Eisenglass 6739!"

Robert Lord.

# Pocket Ben



Built by the makers of  
Big Ben and other Westclox.  
Sold everywhere

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La Salle, Illinois



## What to Do Till the Hostess Comes

1. LET eyes roam around room. After fixing dimensions firmly in mind, close eyes and speculate on the cost of plastering room at seventy-three cents per square yard.

2. Note carefully furniture in room. Close eyes and try to imagine how room would look if it were decently furnished.

3. Look at ceiling and see if you can discover two flies walking thereon. Bet on one fly to fly away before the other. To pay bet, transfer money from one pocket to the other. Repeat until bored.

4. Examine rug carefully. Is it Persian, Turkish, Chinese, Indian or domestic? Which are the wider, the blue stripes or the yellow? How would it look if figures ran from east to west instead of north to south?

5. Look out window. Note quickly first car that comes along. Close eyes and figure how soon owner will get it paid for, on the following terms: one-fifth down; the balance in fifteen monthly payments; one-quarter and twelve monthly payments. (If not familiar with list price of car, wait until one of your own make comes by.)

6. Take out cigar lighter. Wonder how they can make such a dinky affair for \$2.50. What proportion of the \$2.50 went for materials, labor, advertising and profit? How long will it last? See if you can improve working parts. Mentally resolve to invent one that will really light.

7. Explore pockets carefully. Devise some way of getting rid of tobacco grounds nestling close to seams. If you do not hear the hostess coming by the time you have finished, go over the scraps of paper in your vest pockets and try to recall what the words you wrote on each were to remind you of.

D. L. Cotie.

### SARCASM

He was a very painstaking golfer and it took him three hours to reach the fifteenth hole, where he drove into the rough. After a long search the caddie located a ball which the player examined.

"No," he said, "this isn't mine. This is a very old ball."

"Yes," said the boy in exhausted tones, "but don't forget it's a long time since we started out, sir."—Boston Transcript.

### THE TOO PERSISTENT SUITOR

"I—I didn't know that you cared for me in that way. I've always thought of you as just a great big bother"—Newspaper Serial.

CANDID, if not quite kind.

—Humorist (London).

"Did you persuade your husband to buy that new house?"

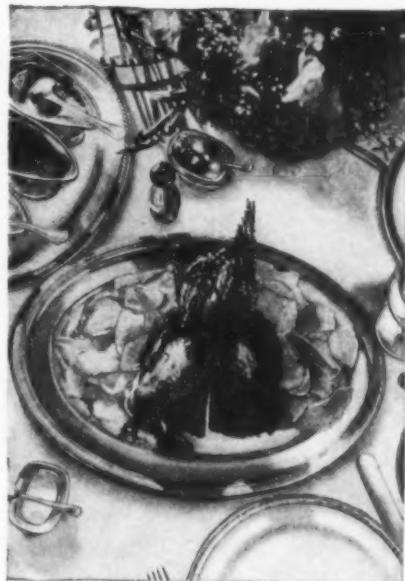
"Oh, yes, without half crying!"

—Town Topics.

PERHAPS it takes a Philadelphia lawyer to understand a Philadelphia policeman.

—Detroit News.

1840-EIGHTY-EIGHT-YEARS-OF-SERVICE-1928



photographed on a.s. Berengaria

## GROUSE A LA CUNARD

GROUSE by airplane from the Yorkshire moors . . . To catch the first Cunard ships going out . . . Every one of these great ocean liners sailing after six o'clock on the first day of the open season has grouse aboard.

It is grouse season from now until the end of November . . . An item worth remembering if you are going over Cunard . . . Think of a couple of hundred brace of grouse in one ship . . . What does that suggest in the way of the smart little dinner . . . in a dining room with port-holes and an ocean view? . . . Grouse preceded by caviar . . . and turtle soup . . . and fonds d'artichaux Grand Due . . . followed by just the correct little salad . . . and perhaps Escoffier's flaming Bombe Nero for dessert.

A young bird, a whole bird, is the Cunard motto . . . There is never a cold storage grouse on board . . . They are sent to Cunard from various parts of the country . . . from Scotland as well as Yorkshire . . . The very pick of the market . . . And served . . . without extra cost . . . as a part of the regular à la carte menu.

Now the favourite Cunard recipe . . . Take a young and tender grouse . . . cook it ten to twelve minutes in a hot oven . . . Place on toast two-thirds of an inch thick, fried in butter and spread with foie gras . . . Serve with potato chips and watercress.

## CUNARD



See Your Local Agent

CUNARD WINTER CRUISES . . . MEDITERRANEAN  
WEST INDIES

A NEW CUNARD SERVICE . . . WEEKLY TO HAVANA

# *Chew DENTYNE* .. and smile!



It's the cheery smile that wins! And it's teeth that make or mar the smile. Keep your teeth attractive — a flash of snowy white behind your smile. Chew delicious Dentyne, the gum that keeps breath sweet, teeth clean and pearly white.

• KEEPS TEETH WHITE •

#### WRONG NUMBERS

WHEN deep in soothing slumbers  
Men lie supine or prone,  
The callers of wrong numbers  
Get busy on the phone.  
Life's busiest disarrangers,  
They never sleep; instead,  
They call up perfect strangers  
And get them out of bed.  
  
They ask for Ed and Mabel,  
They call for May and Joe;  
You wish that you were able  
To tell them where to go;  
You think of swell examples  
Of cutting repartee,  
And practice sizzling samples—  
At 8 a.m. next day.  
  
Sometimes their tactics vary,  
But do not calm your wrath;  
They call and ask for Carrie  
When you are in the bath;  
Or else they time their calling  
To catch you unawares,  
And start you madly falling  
Down several flights of stairs.

Their race the earth encumbers,  
And takes from life its zest;  
The callers of wrong numbers  
Are a perennial pest.

But I've devised, to twist 'em,  
A method of my own;  
This, briefly, is my system—  
"#\$%-&"(\*\$\*&#%\$#!!!

—there goes the phone!

—From "Listen to the Mocking Bird," by  
Stoddard King (Doubleday, Doran).

#### INCORPORATED?

"The Rev. W. B. Counter, of Kansas City, was a caller at the *Plaindealer* office one day this week. Rev. Counter is filling some engagements through Kansas and Oklahoma with his Imperial, Jubilee, Sacred Soul Saving and Financial Drive Concert Company." —Topeka (Kan.) *Plaindealer*.

BETTER known simply as the I.J.S.S.S. & F.D.C. Co.—*New Yorker*.

THE TRUTH-IN-ADVERTISING movement has made gigantic strides in our day, and a "society bootlegger" in Philadelphia made his deliveries in packages labeled "Floor Paint."

—*Detroit News*.

#### VARIETY, PLEASE COPY

Nobody has a harder life than the dramatic reviewer (so we learn from the d. r.), what with calling for the young lady, making the show, getting back to the office and getting the story into the paper on time. Then after all that's done, there is the headline to be written.

In a recent case, the headline had to convey news about "In Abraham's Bosom," played here last week by the Provincetown Players. Complaining bitterly to the young lady who was impatiently waiting for him to get through, he struggled and strove for a headline, rejecting the hackneyed announcement, "'Abraham's Bosom' a Hit."

The young lady thought a moment and then suggested sweetly:

"Why not 'Abraham's Bust Not a Bust'?"

—*Kansas City Star*.

#### A PERMANENT FEATURE

"A curious hook appeared on the old money-lender's face as he handed the money over."

—*From a Novel*.

We rather think it had been there for a long time.—*Humorist (London)*.

## 1928 Belles Are Not Fat



## They end the excess in this easy way

Twenty years ago excess fat was common. Few people of 40 escaped it. Not so today. Slender figures are the rule. All ideas of style and beauty are opposed to fat.

This great change started when science discovered the chief cause of obesity. It lies in an under-active gland. A way was found to correct this deficiency, and multitudes employed it.

This factor was embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. That is one great reason for the slender figures you see everywhere today.

Marmola is not secret. Each box contains the formula and the reasons for results. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Simply take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method if you over-weigh. Watch the new health and vigor which come when the excess fat departs. Then you will know why so many people, for many years, have urged friends to use Marmola. Go start at once.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

**MARMOLA**  
Prescription Tablets  
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



WHEN you air your pipe in public, restrain yourself! Load up with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. That powerful pipe of yours will be reduced to a state of companionable mildness. Sir Walter's a mild mellow blend of choice tobaccos. The last pipeful is as cool and fragrant as the first because it's kept fresh in the tin by a wrapping of heavy gold foil. Sir Walter is a tobacco that behaves itself in public.

**LIMITED OFFER**  
(for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send you without charge a full-size tin of this milder pipe mixture.

Dept. X, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Winston-Salem, N. C.



## SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's **milder**



### Clarence Barron

CLARENCE BARRON came much nearer than most of us do to being all things to all men. He was an extraordinary person; really tremendous. With his great barrel body, his ceaseless activity, mental and physical, and his remarkable mind, he was indeed a good deal of a superman. He could organize; he could direct the energies of other men; he certainly could think—size up subjects, form opinions on them and expound those opinions so that they came to the notice of the people he wanted to reach. That he was doing day in and day out.

He had his financial papers in New York and Boston, and he managed and fed them unceasingly. His headquarters in New York used to be the Waldorf, and when LIFE dwelt in that neighborhood he used sometimes to come to lunch with its staff. No doubt he was full of vanity, but at least it did not blind him. No doubt he had various human imperfections, but he was unusually interesting, and besides, a warm-hearted, kind man, who cared about people and liked to help them.

Notwithstanding his comprehensive activities in this world, he was by no means a subscriber to the sentiment, "One world at a time." Keeping an eye always on the visible, he never ceased to reach into the invisible as far as he could. All things considered—all the things that he considered—the most interesting thing about him was his devotion to Swedenborg. He thoroughly believed in Swedenborg's explorations of the life to come and kept a volume of Swedenborg's writings beside him and read a little in it every day. Swedenborg is not easy reading and Barron had a purpose that he worked at in spare moments to make selections out of the Swedish seer's voluminous works that would be readable and understandable by ordinary people. If any worthwhile person developed a new interest in Swedenborg, Barron was apt to know about it and to publish the news of it.

He was the adviser of thousands of people in finance and most of the material concerns of this life, yet always he was actively concerned without concealment in the matters of the spirit, and really was an example of what seems to be the truth, that this life and its affairs are best understood by persons who are conscious of their relation to the life to come.

The Spiritualists have it that we carry into the next life precisely the qualities that we have developed in this one. If that is so, we may expect to hear further from Clarence Barron, and mediums are invited to watch out for him. It is a fair guess that he will wish to go on talking to listeners here, and he will know better than most migrating mortals how to do it. If he doesn't know how he will learn. He is not the sort that stops.

E. S. Martin.

**right to the rim**

in a  
**Santa Fe**  
**Pullman to**  
**Grand**  
**Canyon**

◀ NATIONAL PARK ▶

on your way to  
**California**  
any day  
this winter



Just stay in your comfortable Santa Fe Pullman until you reach the South rim. There, near the head of Bright Angel Trail, is El Tovar, one of Fred Harvey's best hotels—open all the year.

Take plenty of time for the mule back trail trips and rim motor drives.

The changing colors, the fantastic carvings, the mystery and beauty of the Grand Canyon must be seen with your own eyes.

The Santa Fe is the only railway to Grand Canyon National Park. On your way—the Indian-detour.

Ask about our California Mid-Winter Escorted Tours—all expense



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Santa Fe System Lines,  
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Am interested in winter trip  
to California via Grand Canyon.  
Please send detailed information and descriptive folders

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that a magazine need  
not be dull to be im-  
portant; that big things  
can be discussed without  
big words; and that big  
people can be reached  
without big circulation.\*

\* We mean less than three million—

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*LIFE will show an advertisement to more  
of the best people, at the best time, per dol-  
lar, than any other magazine. And unless  
cash registers are funny, that's no joke!*

The Rogers Campaign,  
which has attracted international attention, is one  
visible, tangible indication  
of the influence of this magazine. LIFE's readers, individually and in bulk, are  
bigger than any yardstick.  
LIFE itself is hard to classify  
as other than "A vigorous  
American institution."



## *LUXURIOUS TRAVEL in the world's fastest road car*

**W**ITH the power and speed to challenge and conquer all the major road records...

With a beauty of external body lines already copied by half the motor world...

With a new elegance of interior finish and appointments which has created wholly new standards in modern luxury...

...the new Airman Limited stands *supreme*; the first motor car in the world to offer truly **LUXURIOUS FAST TRAVEL**.

Only the owner of an Airman Limited can experience *complete* motor car satisfaction. In every mile of street and road, he takes pride in his car's performance. He knows the lure of the air-cooled motor... and his *next* car is another Franklin. For

air-cooling is far more than a trouble-saver. To air-cooling goes a large measure of credit for the car's amazing road records for speed and hill-climbing...for its unprecedented ease of handling...for its economy...and even for that magnificent riding comfort in which the Franklin has so long been pre-eminent.

You, who may not yet know this new definition of **LUXURIOUS FAST TRAVEL**, are urged to have an Airman Limited placed at your disposal...eager to meet your own most exacting standards of performance, appearance, riding ease, ease of control... comfort supreme.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

# **THE NEW FRANKLIN AIRMAN LIMITED**



**“It's toasted”**

**No Throat Irritation No Cough.**

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